UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO. PUBLISHERS.
NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT, CHESNUT STREET.

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1844. WHOLE NO. 1211.

Original Poetry.

THE SEA.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY LYRIUS.

I love the sea, the dark blue sea,
That dashes on our stormy shore,
With tumbling billows, wild, and free,
And music, in its ceaseless roar.
For I can smile upon the gale
That rages o'er the crested wave,
And sleep secure when winds assail
The waters that my vessel lave.

I love to plunge into the deep,
To cool the fever of my brow,
And feel the foaming ripples leap
Around my body as they flow.
I love to float its surface o'er,
And cleave the brightly sparkling spray,
To revel in the floods that pour
Their limpid streams across my way.

I love to gaze when silent night
Comes down upon Old Ocean's breast;
When moon, and stars, with gentle light,
Reflected on his surface rest.
I love to see the morning break,
Its beams of rosy light to shed;
And catch the sunbeams as they wake,
To travel o'er that glossy bed.

I love to stand when tempests lash
Their fury round my noble bark,
And see the lightnings as they flash
Their arrowy brilliance thro' the dark.
The wildest hours are peace to me,
While on the quiv'ring deck I stand;
I know the dangers that I see,
Are governed by my Father's hand.

WHAT IS LIFE?

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY SAMUEL C. OLIVER.

We know that life is but a passing stream,
Its surface gilded by a sparkling beam,
Bearing within its deep and restless tide
The dews of night, the rills from mountain side
Commingling with the turbid waves below,
Like thoughts of hope with bitter pangs of woe.

We know that life is but a passing breeze,
Which moans awhile amidst the forest-trees;
Or shakes the perfume from the gentle flower,
And scatters it abroad as nature's dower;
Whilst from its thrilling music comes a groan—
A sound of woe—that requiem is its own.

We know that life is but a fitful dream,
Full of bright hopes it never can redeem;
Enchantments, too, to dry up tears of sorrow,
Renewed again upon the coming morrow;
Sick, sad at last, the aching heart must break,
No more to dream, or to illusions wake.

Original Novel.

THE CRUIZE OF THE GREYHOUND.

A Legend of Newport.

CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "PAUL JONES," "THE ROVER," &c., &c.

> "But to-day,
> With the strange waywardness of human thought,
> A story has come back to me, which I
> Had long forgotten."—*N. P. Willis.*

CHAPTER III.

> "White as a white sail on a dusky sea,
> When half the horizon's clouded and half free,
> Fluttering between the dim wave and the sky."
> *The Island.*
>
> "How gloriously her gallant course she goes!
> Her white wings flying."—*The Corsair.*

Noon on the broad Atlantic! A noble ship was urging her way along, with all sails spread; and her decks were crowded with adventurous hearts, eager to make good their enterprise and return homewards, for the vessel was outward bound. Among these was our hero. He had sailed as one of the mates of the trader, besides having a venture in goods on board; and as he looked up at the broad sails distended with the favorable breeze, his heart beat high with hopes of a speedy voyage, and the prospect of uniting himself to Mary on his return.

"A sail!" sung out a look-out, lazily, from the forecastle.

The eyes of the twenty idlers on deck were instantly ranging the horizon, and a dozen fingers at once pointed to an object far in the distance, looking like the wing of a gull or a curl of foam on a breaker, which their experienced vision knew to be the stranger.

It was soon evident that the vessel in sight was approaching our trader, and would pass her on the opposite tack. Her sight was a welcome one, for they had now been three weeks at sea, and in that time had met only a single ship. Besides, she was evidently from Europe, and would bring them information which would be of service, perhaps, in seeking a market.

Down she came, like a glorious thing as she was, her hull, lower yards, and sometimes her top-gallant sails disappearing, and then her bow rising slowly up with the wave, which immediately afterwards, sinking away beneath, left the fore-part of the vessel high in the air, the bright copper glistening in the sunshine as low as the keel, while the brine dripped glittering from the stays. Then, settling for a moment, with a pitch, she would plunge headlong down, and again disappear, only her upper yards being visible behind the long, mountainous billow that heaved itself slowly up between her and the trader.

At length the two ships drew near to each other, and hove to, the captain of the English ship signifying his intention to come on board; for in those days merchantmen were less expeditious than now, and when a master met an old acquaintance at sea, as in this case, he did not hesitate to lengthen his voyage an hour or two, in order to spend that time sociably with his friend over a glass of wine.

The master of the stranger, a bluff, hearty, but rough looking Englishman, was soon on board; and, following the captain of the trader to the latter's cabin, the two worthies were speedily deep in the relative state of the markets in Europe and America, the rumors of the approaching Spanish war, and the other subjects of the day. Then they passed to reminiscences of former times, when they had both sailed as boys on board the same ship; and mutual anecdotes of their roving lives since, filled up the time, until more than an hour had passed. At length the English master said,

"By the bye, there are two items of news I had forgot. The king is going to send out a force to capture, if possible, the daring buccanier who has infested the West Indies these two years, and who has even been seen as far north as Cape Ann. They say he once stopped at Nantucket. Since Kidd's time, these fellows have been particularly quiet, for they then found that the days of buccaniering were over; but, in consequence of the carelessness of government, arising from this scarcity of the rovers, there has grown up a sort of immunity for them, that has tempted this daring fellow to begin the old game of Blackbeard and Kidd. He must be a devil of a chap, for they say he drives his vessel like a racer, and that he has taunted his majesty's frigates more than once by keeping the weather guage of them, just out of reach of shot, for a whole day."

"I have heard of him. He is said to be a tall athletic man, capable of knocking down an ox; with an arm as stiff as a marlingspike and as large almost as a windlass. They tell me he sails sometimes in a brigantine and sometimes in a schooner. But he has not been heard of for more than six months."

"Then the pinnace the king has just sent over to Newport, to leave there for a cruise after picking up what information they can of him, will have no work on her hands after all, if he has given up the trade, and determined, like a wise man, to live quietly on his money on shore. By George! won't he figure as a nabob!"

"I doubt whether he has given up his pursuit," said the American. "This fellow is sharp enough to know there is a hue and cry after him, and possibly he has done the wisest thing he could do, and laid by in one of the Bahamas, or some other almost unknown island, until the heat of the pursuit is past. Depend upon it, we shall hear of him before a year goes over. I know something of these fellows, from having sailed so much in the American seas, and met more than one old villain whom I knew to have followed the trade of buccanier, when such a pursuit was more common than now."

"Well, be that as it may, the king's pinnace has gone to Newport; and when I left Bristol it was all the talk. People expected to see, before a year, the head of this bold pirate."

The American captain shrugged his shoulders, as if he doubted the practicability of the capture, and then changed the conversation by asking his guest what was the other item of news he had forgot.

"Oh! that old Lord Kinsale is dead, without an heir. Just to think,—the coronet has come down unbroken, in the male line, from the time of Magna Charta; and now it is at an end, and the estates must go to one branch while the title passes to another. I love those good old English families, and hate to see one of them thus laid low, like a gallant ship stranded. There is one hope, however; a brother of the late lords left home some thirty years ago, when quite a boy, and has not been heard of since. He was supposed to have gone to some of the colonies, and there is to be a search after him to see if he is alive. I carry out some papers connected with the affair, but I told them it was of no use; for a poor devil, who has no friends, gets kicked about in these provinces—begging your pardon, Captain James—in such a way that he is glad to get back to old England again, even if he has a home there no better than a cabin. So there is no doubt this brother has been dead these twenty years."

"It's a pity. The estates will go one way and the title another, you say."

"Yes! and the worst of it is, the one who will get the title is of another family, and as poor as a rat in an old hulk; while those who get the estates are as mean as a ship's purser and as rich as princes already."

"Is not this the family, by the bye, whose representative has the sole right to wear his hat in the king's presence? I think I have heard of such a thing."

"Ay! ay! it was granted them by King John, the papers say. And now to think this princely family is run out, and that there is no longer a De Courcy."

"De Courcy! My God! if it should be so."

"What do you mean?"

"I have a mate from Newport who is called De Courcy," said he eagerly. "His father came to the place about thirty years ago. Perhaps he is the heir."

"Stranger things have happened," said the Englishman, as agitated now as his host "Let us have him in. Was it that handsome fellow that stood by the gangway?"

"Yes!"

"By the Lord, he looks like a nobleman. We must break it gently to him, or better question him at first."

CHAPTER VI.

> *Bel.* Mighty sir,
> These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
> And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
> They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
> And blood of your begetting.
> *Cym.* How! my issue! *Shakspeare.*
>
> A hopeless darkness settles o'er my fate;
> I've seen the last look of her heavenly eyes.
> *Count Basil.*

The handsome figure of our hero, when he entered the cabin at the summons of Captain James, would have arrested the eye of a sculptor, for his tall and athletic person, was set off by the Norman cast of his features, which had that peculiar air of dignity and affability combined, which we associate with the idea of the old knights of chivalry. He was in his sailor's dress, and his collar parted at the neck was confined by a broad black ribbon, the ends of which blew negligently over his shoulder. The English master felt a conviction as he gazed on the frank, bold eye, and saw the totally unembarrassed demeanor of the young mate, that he was the true heir of the De Courcys.

"Pray be seated, Mr. De Courcy!" said his superior officer. "Will you take a glass of wine with Captain Gower?"

The two gentlemen acknowledged the introduction, and the young mate took a seat, wondering not a little what this unusual civility preluded; for Captain James, without being supercilious, maintained a considerable distance between himself and his inferior officers.

While our hero drank the proffered glass of wine, the English captain looked significantly at his host, as much as to say that he would open the conversation.

"An old name, is that of yours, Mr. De Courcy," said he, bowing to the young man, "I have known but few of it. I believe there is a family of De Courcys in Devonshire."

"Perhaps there is," said our hero, setting down his glass, his wonder increasing—"but I know nothing of it. Indeed I am ignorant that I have a relation on earth, except my mother."

"Then you have a mother living?"

"Yes, in Newport;" and he looked at his cross-questioner as if to demand the tendency of these enquiries.

"I see you are in doubt as to my object, sir," said the English captain, "but I have a purpose in my questions, which you will have explained to you if you can answer satisfactorily my inquiries respecting your father, whom I take to be deceased."

De Courcy nodded.

"Well, then, was your father a native of Rhode Island?"

"No," said our hero. "He came from the mother country."

"How long did he reside in Rhode Island?"

"I have heard my mother say he came over about thirty years ago, at that time being but a boy of fourteen years."

The English captain's eyes glistened, and he gave a quick glance at his host, for these particulars corroborated exactly with those he had heard of the brother of the deceased earl.

"And do you know nothing of your father's family?"

"Nothing except the general impression left on my mind from conversations on the subject between him and my mother, which I sometimes heard in boyhood. From these I believe him to have been of good birth, and I know that he left home on account of some difficulty, and that he would never have any communication with his relatives afterwards."

"Did he tell you what part of the country he came from?"

"No. He died when I was quite a child, and I have only a faint memory of what I have told you. I never cared much for inquiring who my ancestors were; for I take it most men's are alike, some very honest, and others great rogues. We, of the provinces, ask what a man *is*, and not who his grandfather was."

Our hero, in thus speaking, only gave utterance to the sentiments of the great body of the colonists in his condition of life; for even at that day the mass of the population was essentially republican in its opinions, though the richer classes aped the aristocracy of the mother country, and pined for the distinctions of rank unknown in the simpler provinces, at least in those of the north, where the democratic tendencies of the people were the strongest.

"It is a pity you are not more correctly informed," said the English captain, not replying to this sentiment, the propriety of which he thought doubtful, "for it may become a matter of great importance for you to prove your ancestry, as a great estate lies within your reach if you can show yourself to be the eldest son of John de Courcy, and grandson of Geoffrey de Courcy."

"John de Courcy was certainly my father's name," said our hero, "and now I think of it, I have a Bible in my chest, in which my father's and mother's names are entered, with the parent of each, and the date of their birth."

"Get it at once, and come on board my ship. I have there a full account of this whole matter, which I am carrying out to the province, in order that search may be made for the heir. We will compare the dates and place of birth, and I hope our enquirings may result in establishing your claims to this great fortune."

Our hero left the cabin to procure his Bible, in a state of bewilderment indescribable. The tone of confidence with which the master spoke, as well as certain vague remarks which he now remembered his father to have made, when he used to pat his head and say he might live yet to be a great lord, but which he had heretofore attached no weight to, filled his mind with delicious hopes, all of which pointed to the speedy removal of the obstacles which stood between him and the possession of Mary. He hurried to his chest, unlocked it, brought out the precious book, and was already on deck as soon as the two captains. In a few minutes the three were on board of the English merchantman.

"Here it is," said the master, producing a written paper, from a bundle tied with red tape, "See it is labelled 'A true copy of the Register of the Parish of Kinsale.' It states that John de Courcy, second son of Geoffrey de Courcy, &c., &c., was born in that parish, in the year of our Lord sixteen hundred and seventy-five, in March, the day of the month being the twenty-first. Now let us see what your record says."

Our hero had not yet opened his book, but his heart beat when the year was mentioned, for he well remembered it was the date of his father's birth. But he did not recollect the name of his grandfather, that of the parish, or the day of his birth. These might be found to vary from the captain's register, and if so, his romantic dream would be dissipated. He almost shrank from pursuing the enquiry, lest his bright hopes should be dashed to the earth. But he produced the Bible and handed it to the English master, whose hand was extended to receive it.

"It is quite an old one," he said, as he undid the tarnished silver clasps, "and cost a round sum in its day. Where is the page?"

Our hero leaned over his shoulder, and turned to it, while the American captain, on the other side of their host, gazed eagerly at the page.

"'John de Courcy, second son of Geoffrey de Courcy,' said the English captain, reading aloud, 'and Pauline, his wife, was born in the parish of Kinsale, on the twenty-first day of March, in the year of our Lord sixteen hundred and seventy-five.'"

The book fell into the lap of the reader, who sprang to his feet, and clasping our hero warmly by the hand, exclaimed,

"I congratulate you, my Lord de Courcy, on being the sole heir of Henry, ninth Earl of de Courcy, and Baron of Kinsale."

"And I, too, my dear boy," said his superior officer, "there can be no doubt of it."

Our hero passed his hands across his brows, and gazed from one to the other of his companions, for the whole affair seemed to him a dream, and he could not yet credit his good fortune.

"Are we quite sure?" he said, at length. "Is there no mistake?" and he picked up the fallen Bible and looked on the table for the register, though his hands trembled, so that he could scarcely effect anything.

"There can be none, my lord," said his host, "and see here is a rude sketch of your coat of arms, traced by your father's pen on the other blank leaf of his family record. You notice it is the same device as the one here on the copy of the register."

This new discovery removed all doubt, and by a turn of fortune that reminded him of the Arabian tales, our hero saw himself elevated, from a subordinate position on board a merchant ship, to the rank and fortune of one of the first peers of the realm. His companions, however, shewed more outward signs of gratification than he did, laughing, shaking hands with him, and saying a thousand congratulatory things: but, with the new lord, the tide of thankfulness for this happy change in his condition flowed so deep that he could only remain silent and pour out his heart to his Creator for so great and unexpected a blessing. Yet the image of Mary, and the certainty that she would now be his, soon intruded on these grateful thoughts.

"Nothing now remains, if I know anything of the matter," said his host at length, "but to establish your father's identity and prove your mother's marriage."

"This can easily be done," said our hero, "for my mother has her certificate, and there are living witnesses who can be produced; while my father has left letters and trinkets which I know will prove his identity."

"Then the best thing I can suggest to you, my lord, is that you should become my passenger and return immediately to Newport, where these proofs can be collected."

It was accordingly so determined, and in less than an hour, the young nobleman was gazing on his late ship as she ploughed her way to the east, while the Englishman, with all sails set, was steering for America.

It was just seven weeks from his departure, when the British trader dropped anchor in the harbor of Newport, and De Courcy was the first to spring into the shore boat, anxious to see his mother and acquaint her with his good fortune, and then to fly to Mary. Alas! little did his sanguine heart dream of what had transpired in his absence: little did he know that she whom he sought was the destined bride of another. If he had come twenty-four hours sooner—but now! TO BE CONTINUED.

A Riddle.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

Kind reader, if your soul's refin'd,
Your bosom may swell,
Oh, pity me, for I'm confin'd,
Within a narrow cell.

And yet I'm found both near and far,
I am with ev'ry one,
On earth, the moon and ev'ry star,
I shine out in the sun.

I'm at the bottom of the sea,
Upon its face I glide,
I'm to be found on ev'ry tree,
And on the mountain's side.

I'm with the lame, the halt and blind,
The living and the dead;
I am (but there I'm hard to find,)
Within a dandy's head.

I'm hot and cold, I'm wet and dry,
Myself I cannot move,
I'm small and large, I'm low and high,
And can fly like a dove.

You see me red, and green, and blue,
Or cloth'd in snowy white,
Brightly array'd in richest hue,
Or dark as sable night.

His lamp for me the poet burns,
And wastes the midnight oil;
For me the sailor goes, returns,
And bears incessant toil.

For me the lawyer pleads a cause,
He is or seems sincere,
He now sustains, now warps the laws,
And white makes black appear.

For me the doctor works, procures
His blisters and his pills,
He now relieves, and now he cures,
Oh, pity, now he kills.

The priest for me devoutly prays,
The soldier boldly fights,
The president his country sways,
The politician writes.

Come, reader, try and try again,
Discover my disguise,
Come seek, you will not seek in vain,
I am before your eyes. BUMBLEBEE.

☞ The answer will appear next week.

Vernacular Tales.

LUCY ROWE'S DREAM.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY EZEKIEL JONES, ESQ., AUTHOR OF JONCE SMILEY; SURLY SAM SMITH; ROBERT ROWE'S RUINATION, &c. &c.

Lucy Rowe was, when I first saw her, a fair-haired little thing—pretty, in spite of evidence which all her mother's patient care could not prevent or efface—that all was not right at home. Her shoes were very neatly drawn up at the heels with a bit of old ribbon sewed so as to tie at the ancles—her stockings, clean as could be, had a stitch drawn out here and there, and a loose fit over the instep, which showed that they had been worn before they became her inheritance. Her shawl was weather fretted, and her little gingham bonnet with a large cape, had the threadbare traces of many washings and rubbings in many storms. The anxious look in her young face, spoke a child before her years in experience. It was easy to be seen that, young as she was, she must have had a pretty hard row to hoe; and any body would have reckoned her at once to be an orphan, or the daughter of a widow. She was worse off than either; for she was the oldest child of that same Robert Rowe, whose ruination was pictured out to the readers of the Post, a few weeks ago. Robert Rowe, you may remember, was one of those kind of men who are said to be their own worst enemies. Who was the worst enemy of his wife? And who was the worst enemy of his children!

Poor little Lucy! Many's the time when a neighbor's heart has bled for her as her patient but eloquent little face betrayed her feelings, try as hard as she might to keep 'em down. Now there's nobody on the footstool who can always take in all the circumstances of every body that is standing by before she speaks, and that's the way a great many chance arrows wound, when nobody is intended to be hurt. Just so sure as man, woman or child mentioned drink, or drunkard, or any thing like that before Lucy, just so sure her pale face would become scarlet in a minute, and then her eyes would drop to the ground, and she would look so ashamed, and so unhappy! It's a terrible thing, and I hope no child of yours or mine,* will ever live to know and to feel it, when a little one is ashamed of the conduct of the very person that she has to love, because he is her parent!

And when Robert Rowe, in some of his fits of drunken fondness would pull poor little Lucy to him, how her delicacy would revolt from his disgusting appearance—how her very soul would shudder within her, at the filthy air that he breathed from his nostrils: And yet that repulsive object was her father—her own father—and little Lucy struggled against her soul-sickness, and tried to love and respect, and not to despise him. And this was the man whose conduct ought to have been her example—whose opinions ought to have been the guide of her judgment! Other children could say, when a matter was in dispute—"I *know* I am right—for father says so!" Lucy tried that once—and even the kind among her companions smiled in a sort of derisive pity—and one of the ruder blurted out—"*Your* father, indeed!"

"Yes," says Lucy, says she, "my father"—for she sometimes forgot the full weight of her parent's degradation.

"Well—here he comes," said another, "we'll ask him what he thinks of it."

Lucy looked up. With eyes bloodshot and face haggard—with clothes marked with the grime and dust of the place where he had partially slept off his last potations—with gait unsteady, and features inexpressive—voice mumbling, and attitudes ridiculous and meaningless—it was her father! The other children snickered—for children are sometimes without malice, and from mere thoughtlessness, most cruel to each other; and little Lucy, without saying one word more, turned and walked briskly off—sobbing in mingled anger, grief and vexation. Her father shouted after her, "Lucy! Lucy!" but she paid no heed. He caught up a stone to throw at her—but the children's screams brought him to consciousness of what he was about to do in his drunken phrensy, and he, with a drunkard's nimble wit, dropped the stone beside the fence, as if it had been mere play with him, and with an idiot grin, passed on. Lucy heard a shout of laughter, and looking back, saw the children making merry with her father's infirmity—and throwing herself upon the ground, cried herself to sleep.

And she dreamed. She thought herself in a smiling flowery land, and that she walked in its pleasant paths with—her father! She thought he was erect and comely, and that as she wandered secure and happy in his protection, all unpleasant things kept out of their path. It seemed to her that a father's presence, and a father's love were guide and guard sufficient to keep off all evil. It is of such stuff that the dreams of the wretched are made of—for the very bliss which they know not when awake, is that which consoles them in their visions. Fanny's heaven in dreams was a kind father—a powerful friend—a man commanding and receiving respect and honor—and she was happy!

But the skies changed. The flowers became thistles, and tore her limbs—and hideous shapes, and mocking and gibbering devils peeped out at every turn and at every corner. They seemed to leer, and grin, and jabber at her, and as she looked at their faces, when they came close to her, she thought that she knew them all. They were her playmates and schoolfellows—but at the head of all was a haggard face, with matted hair, and grizzled and dirty beard, and a pestilential breath, which seemed to sear and blight all that it fell upon. That demon—the chief of her tormentors—was her father.

She heard a hideous noise. A rumbling as of thunder—a rattle and riot as if the earth was shaken to pieces and falling together,—a shouting of men and clattering of horse's hoofs—and she living and yet dead, terror stricken in every limb—agonizing to fly, and not able to move. The great foot of a great monster was just ready to crush her—

"Well, I swan to man!" said cousin Abner Jones as he jumped out of his wagon, "here's this old horse of mine knows just as much as a man, any day. So, old White-face, so! so!" said he as he patted him on the neck, "you needn't ride over the child, if your master did act just like another Balaam!"

And the old horse stood still, but trembling, as if he knew what he had escaped doing. He worked his ears, and no doubt winked with his blind eye, as much as to say, "I told you so." Abner stooped down, and taking up the child who had lain in the road, held up her face to the fading light. "Well, I declare," said he, "it's that drunken Bob Rowe's poor little daughter. Lucy! Lucy!" he cried to her. Lucy answered with an inarticulate scream of terror, and clung nervously to his arm with a shudder of mortal fear.

"Poor little soul!—poor little soul!" said Abner, "I dare say your father has been beating you within an inch of your life! Poor little soul!" Lucy only moaned and shivered, and Abner lifted her light form into his wagon. Old Whiteface, who had stood stock still, while they were stepping in, and turned his head half round, as if watching the safety of the proceeding, as soon as Abner took up the reins, started off with an "all right" expression to his pace, and Abner, as he hugged poor little Lucy to his breast, said, "What shall I do with her?"

"Take me home," said Lucy, who had now awaked, and slipping from between his knees had seated herself beside him.

"Hasn't your father been beating you, Lucy?"

"My father—oh no," said the child, earnestly.

"But he *does* treat you bad, Lucy?"

The child hung her head, and then said, faintly—"No sir."

They were at the door of Rowe's house. Lucy stepped out of the wagon, and went in. Abner was no eaves-dropper, but he didn't pick up the reins to start again, as quickly as he might have done—and he could not help hearing the loud hoarse voice of Robert Rowe, as he scolded Lucy, for "playing, and idling, and fooling so long on her way from school."

The poor child looked up deprecatingly to her father—but bitter previous experience had taught her better than to answer a single word. And he, as if provoked at her very patience, made some unconnected and wordy declamation about how children should *honor* their parents! as if one could honor *him*. He talked of disobedient children, as if *he* had a right to obedience, and finding at last that he could provoke neither mother nor child to reply, took his shadow of a hat, and carried away his loathesomeness to its accustomed nightly haunts, leaving Lucy and her mother sitting together, in the faint light of some dying embers. No kind farewell went with the drunkard over the threshhold of the home he was leaving, for kind words would have been wasted on him. His wife had been too often answered with a "pish!" or "pshaw!" and perhaps even with an oath, to ask him the natural question, "how soon will you return?" And she knew beside, that not while any of his haunts would shelter him—not until he was pushed or kicked out and barred out every where else, would he stagger back to his house to inflict upon her his selfish cruelty and loathesomeness.

Lucy told her mother the terrible dream. Mrs. Rowe listened with that patient resignation, which would rather not hear—but with the kind forbearance to interrupt, with which a suffering mother permits a suffering child to seek even feeble solace such as this. At last Mrs. Rowe started at the rambling nature and the faint tones of Lucy. A chip, at that moment, caught fire, and in its flickering blaze, she saw that her child's eyes wandered fitfully. She placed her hand upon her daughter's brow. It was dry and hot. Lucy was in the delirium of a high and painful fever.

She carried her to her own low bed, and in the first forgetfulness of her situation, which a new exigence caused, the mother thought of setting at once about providing the comforts with which affection delights to surround the bedside of the sick. But alas! The very first and most simple thing on which she would have put her hand was deficient. The poor stump of a candle wick burned out in the lighting, and its dying smoke made the lone mother faint and sick with its dumb eloquence. It seemed the emblem of her last earthly hopes—gone and forever!

A thought of applying for assistance to a neighbor crossed the mother's mind; and then with true feminine delicacy she shrunk from making her own woe, and of course her husband's profligacy public. Oh how long, how blindly will woman's fond foolish heart cling to the hope that it can conceal the worthlessness—the vice that is already known far and wide! How earnestly will the spurned, yet doating wife, labor to the very last, to shield and protect him who should have been her comfort and protector. How much self-denial—how much woe—how much sinking, sorrowing, bursting of the heart will she endure, for the vices of him who has promised before God that no act of his shall give her pain or sorrow!

It was late. She went to the window. She saw light after light in the village go out, as the inmates of the houses went to their peaceful, their happy beds, while she in loneliness, in darkness, in fear and in sorrow, should keep a silent vigil by the side of her suffering daughter. The clear stars of a November sky twinkled in the Heavens. The faint soughing of one of the winter's incipient storms was just heard among the trees. Not a voice—not a step—not a sound, save the distant barking of the watchful dog, disturbed the quiet of the night, and the deserted wife looked abroad upon it, as if entranced, until the chilly visitings of the night air through a broken pane, reminded her that if for herself she had nothing to live for, she had children to protect from the cold dealings of the world—from the brutal cruelty of their father!

It was the grey of dawn. The light slowly stealing into that humble apartment revealed its scanty planishment. The single table, its leaf hanging down with a broken hinge—the chair or two, the remnants of the different sets for chamber, for parlor, and the kitchen, which had once stood with their mates, the pride of the young wife's housekeeping—the single candlestick, with its tube as it had been arranged to save the last glimmer of the candle end, the wick lying corpse-like and dead across it—all these and more were the mute evidences of the destitution and want which had fallen upon that house. But there were other, and living witnesses to the wicked sloth and dissipation of the father.

Upon the bed lay little Lucy. An unnatural flush was on her cheeks, and her parted lips mumbled, while her parched tongue and dry throat mocked her feeble efforts to breathe out the wanderings of her delirium. The mother, wearied out with watching and sorrow, had bowed her head upon the bed-side and fallen asleep, and ever and anon, as the feverish child weakly tossed about her arms, her fingers were tangled in her mother's dishevelled hair. But the sleeping parent started not, for when sleep at last conquers grief and weariness, and watching, our kind Father makes it too deep to be lightly broken.

There was an uncertain hand upon the latch. There was an uncertain step upon the threshhold. Robert Rowe staggered in the room, and as he reeled against the table, the blow he gave it jarred off the leaf, and it fell with a loud and appalling noise upon the floor. The mother started to her feet in fright—but the child only wandered and murmured on—for in her world of feverish dreams, an earthquake would not have startled her into consciousness of any thing, or any act, in the bitterer life from knowledge of which her dreams of fever saved her.

It was a sufficient warning. Abner Jones was waked earlier than even his early wont by Robert Rowe—penitent, humble, the humiliated and pleading, and now affectionate father. The shock which the scene at his house caused him had awakened the man to soberness, and the parent to affection, and Mrs. Rowe felt like a woman blessed, when Robert returned with the needed comforts which the generosity of the Jones family had forced upon him. Robert saw and felt his wife's smile and her kind words waked an echo in his heart, the promise to himself, that she should utter such again and again. He went to his daughter's bedside, and bowed down his ear to listen. Her breath seemed a sirocco on his cheek—but her words pierced his heart. "*My father was going to kill me—but he won't kill me. He is a good father—and he won't hurt me—don't! don't! There, I knew they wouldn't take him.*" And the ghost of a smile flickered over her wild features.

Robert Rowe sat down by her bedside and buried his face in his hands. His frame shook with his bitter, bitter agony of repentance—till at length the relief came in a flood of tears. It is an awful thing, but a holy, when a strong sinner weeps in his repentance!

Abner Jones' kindness did not stop with the mere sending of Robert home, with more than he had asked for. In a little while old Whiteface was at the door again. Abner had started for the doctor in his own wagon, and the old horse had worked in the freshness of the morning, as if he knew and liked the errand of mercy on which his master was urging him. The sight of a physician was at once a restorative to the mother; and the ample wallets of the doctor, in which, like other country physicians, he carried samples of the whole materia medica, were instantly opened. There was a blush on the mother's face, as she rummaged in vain for a phial—but the good doctor relieved that dilemma from his other ample pocket. There was another deeper blush when she could not find a bit of clean white paper to put up the powders—but the good doctor tore off the blank leaf of a letter, and answered that little want. I am sure he could hardly see for the water in his eyes, when he did so.

Abner carried Robert Rowe's two other children away with him, to "spend the day," though he kept them a week—as he said;—and in the quiet of the house, and the patient nursing of a mother, whose intuitive knowledge is better than all acquired skill, little Lucy at the end of that time was herself again. Herself!—More than herself—for she had realized the dream of her father's kindness—she had forgotten the dream of her father's cruelty. And a week or two more sent her abroad again, happy in youth's confident hope—happy that she had found a new parent.

We need not say that the joy of Mrs. Rowe was more chastened—that she hoped in humility, and looked forward with mingled joy and fear. Robert made no promises, she exacted or desired none. But he did better than speak. Smile, ye inexperienced, when I write what *she* considered the first best earnest of his reformation—smile, ye who have not learned that trifles are more important than apparent great events—that simple actions are more eloquent than compound words.

Robert Rowe, of his own accord, mended that table. "There," said his wife's heart, "is his best promise of reformation." And then, without a word of preface, he quietly repaired the broken window. "And that," said the hoping and delighted wife, "is the witness and earnest of his intentions."

The consciousness that these little acts had made his home more comfortable, the ease with which this comfort was obtained, led him step by step, till he began to feel like a man again, and the head of his own household. Abner Jones remained his firm friend, and his judicious aid, advice and counsel have placed Robert Rowe in a better position than when our first acquaintance with him opened, for he has learned that he who standeth *must* take heed lest he fall.

As to Lucy Rowe—I don't know exactly, and Fanny says she don't, but it does seem to me that the friendship that has sprung up between Lucy and Abner Jones's wife's younger brother is not to go all for nothing. There's a blamed sight too much of a rush of blood to the face for that, in both of them, when the other is mentioned; and we all do guess that they will one day be something more than mere acquaintances to each other, if there is anything in signs or in looks.

P. S. Robert Rowe has been our representative now for two winters to the Legislature; and he says that he don't find it half what it was cracked up to be, when he first set out to get there and made a mistake and landed lower down. He's a right close politician too, but of the right kind—for he says the duties of a freeman never will hurt a freeman, if he takes care not to mix laziness nor liquor with his politics. And that's my notion too, to a hair line. E. J.

---

* Mr. Jones is here falling into a bachelor's trick—enumerating his chickens before there is any actual basis for a census. We know that he has been "keeping company" with a certain Miss Fanny for a great many years and—that is all, yet. Whether a marriage will ever grow out of it is among the things of the future, and therefore doubtful. Fanny may be strong in the faith that such an event will happen, but her gossips slily doubt and shrug their shoulders, when it is mentioned. If Zeke does spin out this courtship much longer, we shall not blame her if she begins to despair. Hope deferred, &c. [*Ed.*

Original Poem.

MUSINGS.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

Yes, thou art gone, down to the quiet grave
To hide thy broken heart. The careless world
Says that consumption drank the fountain dry,
Of thy young joyous life. Well, be it so—
That world had scoff'd perhaps, if it had known
The secret agony that burn'd away
Thy spirit's silver spring, and left thy heart,
Thy woman heart, to waste by slow decay,
Till, like a fair plant, wounded at the root,
Thou droop'd'st to the earth.
Consumption! Aye—
Came the destroyer even unto her
Who wore within her heart no secret grief?
Oh woman! woman! If thy history
Were written by the impartial pen of truth,
Mankind would start away in dumb surprise,
From the revealings of such agonies
As thou hast borne in silence, while they gnaw'd
Thy heart away; and writh'd within thy brain,
Like fiery vipers; or consum'd away
Thy very soul within thee.
The pure heart
Of my Calista, was an open book
To me from her young childhood, every throb
And wish, and feeling, pleaded unto me,
For sympathy and shelter: and the doom
That parted us in girlhood, was like death.
The paper missive passing to and fro,
Tread down with the yearnings of the soul,
Still form'd a chain between us; but alas!
How cold is such communion to the hearts
That long to give each other throb for throb,
In love's uncheck'd embrace, while full deep eyes
Pour forth the treasures of the ardent soul,
In language that needs not the form of words,
Being itself the eloquence of truth.
Her spirit was so form'd for confidence,
It could not live without a present friend,
With whom it could commingle every tone
Of its wild melody. And there was one,
Whose spirit seem'd attuned to blend with her,
In perfect harmony. He seem'd like her,
Pensive and pious, intellectual,
All poetry, and gentleness, and love.
He call'd her sister, and was unto her
All that the fondest brother could have been;
And she lean'd on him, in strong confidence,
And listen'd to the dreamy sophistries
Of a platonic love.
Alas, that dream
Of passionless affection! Many a heart
Has trusted to it, and awoke too late,
Pierced through with many sorrows. Earnestly
I gave my warning; but the heart, the heart!
When did it list to reason?—'Tis so sweet
To rest the heart in perfect confidence
On one that feels and feeds its sympathies
With fond devotion, and to deem that flame
Burning in earthen censers, high and pure
As the devotion of the raptur'd love
That wreaths its incense in the spirit land.
Such love *is* pure; but 'neath its placid tide,
Ah poor humanity! a current runs
Silent and strong, which the heart recks not of,
Till it is undermin'd, and borne away,
Wreck'd, and undone forever. So it fared
With poor Calista. Placid was her dream,
As the sweet bird's, who sings herself to sleep,
Where the pure lustre of the evening star
Trembles upon the pinions of the winds
That kiss the flowers around, and rock her nest.
As breaks upon the slumber of that bird,
The voice of the tornado, as he bends
His black breast on the forest, with a crash
That makes earth shudder, as his mighty wings
Strike the strong trees to splinters, while aghast,
Wounded, and helpless, reft, and desolate,
She flutters in her agony to earth,
And in her anguish looks upon the wreck
Of all that was so beautiful and dear;
So to Calista came from Allan's lips
The words—I love, not with a brother's love,
But passionately, with a burning heart
One whom I long have known, who will be mine,
In wedlock's holy bondage. A few days,
And I will bring a sister to your heart,
And we will all be happy. It was so!
Here was the secret of the platonism
That bound him to Calista. His young heart,
With its wild flow of passion, had been given
Unto another, e'er he saw her face;
Yet she had been to him a sweet relief
To absence, doubt, and sorrow; while her heart,
And soul, and being, mingled into his,
With the pure worship of a maiden's love,
Guiltless of passion, till that fatal word,
I LOVE ANOTHER, open'd to her view
The deep springs of her heart. She could have liv'd
Forever happy, in her gentle dream
Of fond fraternal love, if Allan's heart
Had own'd no other. But to hear him say,
Rejoice with me sweet sister, that the maid
Whom I have lov'd, so many weary years,
With passionate devotion, is my own—
Oh 'twas too deadly bitter to her soul!
Yet she put on that smile which woman's pride
Throws o'er the ruins of a broken heart,
Like sunlight resting on a sepulchre,
Of what could she complain? He was not false.
He never sought the love which she had given!
So in the inner chamber of her heart,
She hid her shame, and sorrow; and stood by
While to another he pledged earnestly
All that she valued, or desir'd on earth.
But from that day she droop'd: fading away,
Like summer twilight, which goes sweetly down,
With dying melody, and closing flowers,
Into the world of sleep.
Around her bier
The weepers stood, and chided at the fate,
Which gave so lovely and belov'd a maid
To pitiless consumption. He was there,
Whose living image had consum'd her heart,
And yet he wonder'd that a bud so fair,
Should wither in the blooming. From his eye,
Fell one poor tear, and that his fond young wife
Kiss'd playfully away.

Translations.

THE HOLE IN THE SLEEVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHOKKE.

[The following is an extract from a work just published by the Appleton's, entitled, Incidents of Social Life.]

"I am rich—what is generally called rich" —continued Mr. Marble. "The wealth itself does not make me happy. I need but little for myself. I could live on less than my servants. Of what avail, therefore, is money to me? But it makes me happy to know that I have accumulated all my wealth by mine own industry, and by honest means. No blood, no tears are cleaving to it; but my sweat alone. The greatest joys the soul can have are these; active efficiency in small and great matters, and *innocence*. Every thing else includes more or less of stupidity or beastliness. For example—*ambition, love for women, love of gain, love of rule, pride, envy, hatred, or religious rancour.* Remember this, Conrad. To work vigorously and innocently in great and small matters, is the pure, real spiritual life. Do not despise what is small, as if it were trifling. God has created nothing in vain. His grain of sand, and his worm, both are great.

"I have given thee a good education. Thou wert a wild but powerful plant. Now thou art twenty years old; an age at which the spiritual is at war with the animal in man. May the spiritual gain the victory! Man at first is reared as a plant; then as an animal; and lastly as an angel. Many do not go beyond the well-trained animal. But the animal should not be despised. Out of the impure dust the snow white lily shoots forth. A trifling accident led me into the right path, I learned to saw, and that made me a rich man.

"Thou mayest perhaps not wish to credit this—yet it is so. I was fourteen years of age, I could read, write, and cipher. Thus far I was trained. I was the son of a poor tradesman. My father knew not what to make of me; for he was always in want of money; and that had its reasons—which were very clear to me.

"I had a play-fellow and a friend in my youth. His name was Alfred. We both were wild and ungovernable boys. Our garments were never new, for they were very soon soiled and torn. We were punished at home for it, but no sooner was the punishment forgotten than it was the same thing again.

"One day we were sitting in a public garden on a bench, telling each other what we would make of ourselves. I wanted to become a lieutenant-general, and Alfred, general superintendent.

"'Both of you will never be anything!' said a very old man in a fine dress and powdered wig, who was standing behind the bench, and had overheard our childish plans. We were frightened.—Alfred asked—'why not?' The old man said—'You are the children of good people, I see it by your coats. Both of you are born to be beggars. Were it not so, would you suffer *those holes in your sleeves?*' Saying this he took both of us by the elbows, and thrust his fingers in the holes that were in our sleeves. I felt ashamed; Alfred also. 'If,' said the old man, 'nobody can sew it up for you at home, why do you not learn to do it yourself? You might at first have repaired the coat with two stitches of the needle; now it is too late, and ye go about like beggarly boys. If you wish to become lieutenant-general, and general superintendent, begin with the smallest things. First, *sew up the hole in your sleeves*, ye beggar boys; then you may think of something else.'

"We both felt greatly ashamed, walked silently away, and had not the heart to say anything bad about the austere old man. I turned the elbow of my coat sleeve in such wise, that the hole could not be seen by anybody. I learned to sew of my mother, but merely in a playing manner, for I did not tell her why I wished to learn it. When a new seam opened in my garments, or if they happened to become soiled, I repaired it forthwith. Thus I became attentive. I did not even suffer my uncleanliness to be seen in my worn clothing; and as I became more clean and careful in my dress, I was glad, and thought that the old gentleman in the snow-white wig was not greatly in error. With two stitches at the proper time, we can save a coat; with a handful of mortar, a house; a glass full of water will quench a fire, which if left alone would lay a whole city in waste; red copper coin will become silver dollars; and little seeds will become trees, who knows how large!

"Alfred did not take it so much to heart, and it proved to his own detriment. We had both been recommended to a merchant, who was in want of an apprentice well acquainted with writing and ciphering. The merchant examined us, and gave me the preference. My old clothes were whole and clean; Alfred's best coat gave evidence of negligence. Afterwards my employer said to me: 'I see you take good care of your own, but Alfred will never be a merchant.' Then again I remembered the old gentleman and the hole in the sleeve!

"I perceived very soon that I still had in many other things, in my knowledge, in my behaviour, in my inclinations, a goodly number of holes in the sleeve! Two stitches with the needle, at the proper time, meliorate all things; else the tailor is needed for the gown, the physician for health, and the punishing law for the moral holes. There is nothing that is indifferent or insignificant, be it good or bad. Who thinks so, knows neither himself nor life. My employer had also a horrible hole in his sleeve, for he was obstinate, quarrelsome, despotic, and capricious. This gave me oftentimes a great deal of annoyance. I contradicted; and then we quarrelled. 'Halloo!'—I thought, 'this may make a hole in the sleeve, and I may become as quarrelsome, and invidious, and unsociable as my employer.' From that hour I let him have his way, and I was contented with doing what was right, and endeavored for my part to keep the peace.

"After having served my apprenticeship, I took a clerkship in another mercantile house. Habituated to be happy even with the mere necessaries of life, for he who lives in abundance never is contented, I saved a considerable amount of money. Accustomed never to excuse in myself a hole in the sleeve, and to look with charity upon those in others' sleeves, the whole world was satisfied with me, and I with the world. Thus I always had friends, always assistance when I stood in need of it, confidence and employment. God blessed all my undertakings! A blessing lies in honest actions and honest thoughts, as in the kernel, the fruit-bearing tree.

"Thus my wealth increased. Wherefore? I asked myself; you do not need the twentieth part of it. Live in an ostentatious style for other people to envy me! That is nonsense. Shall I yet, in my old days, show a hole in the sleeve? Help others, as God through others has helped you. That is settled. The greatest blessing riches can bestow is this, to be independent of other people's caprices, and to have a wide circle to act in. Now, Conrad, go to the university, learn something substantial; remember the man in the snow-white wig; *beware of the first little hole in your sleeve*, and do not act like my companion Alfred. He at last enlisted in the army, and was shot in America."

A DISH FOR TWO.

The new Family Cook Book, published in London, a quaint affair, gives the following recipe for a "dish for two," called Marriage. It may be served in the same way in this part of the world.

"Catch a young gentleman and lady. The young gentleman will be best raw, the young lady quite tender. Set the gentleman at the dinner-table; take a bottle of wine—claret is good, port is better, a dash of champagne will give it a briskness; let him soak in this mixture for a couple of hours; if no signs of boiling, try another bottle. When getting red in the gills, take him in the drawing-room; if in winter set him at the fireside with the lady, throw in a dish of green tea of about three cups each; let them simmer together. If in the summer time, place them in a current of air, as near the window and as much out of sight as you can; stick the lady all over with flowers, then place them near the piano, and keep stirring them till the lady sings. When you hear the gentleman sigh, all is going on well. Then take them off, and put them in a corner of the room on a sofa, near a chess-board, if possible, and leave them together simmering for the rest of the evening. Repeat this three or four times, taking care to keep them as close to each other as you can. Great care must be taken about the degree of heat—if too great they will explode and fly off, if too little they will turn into a jelly, or perhaps an ice. The best heat is the moderate, regular and constant. The length of time during which it is to be applied must be according to circumstances. For a gentleman and lady, under five-and-twenty, three months, three weeks, or three days are sometimes sufficient, but in every instance there must be great precaution to avoid a broil. A certain quantity of 'Queen's coin' put in during the cook, will have a great effect in keeping up the heat; the dish will look remarkably well if garnished round with bank paper; it may then be served up, and will make an excellent dish for two. Care should be taken that no vinegar is used, as the dish is remarkably apt to turn sour."

☞ A place-hunter being admitted to a private conversation with a late prime minister, was asked by his lordship how he defined wit? "My Lord," replied the applicant, "wit is like what a pension would be—given to your humble servant—a good thing well applied!"

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 12, 1844.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the late novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

⁂ It is a fact, that having betted on an election, disqualifies a voter. We supposed that every body knew that.

⁂ "Julia's" lines have a strong appearance of having been written with a mercantile pen. Clerks should be in better employment than pretending to be young ladies on paper.

⁂ We know nothing of the matter of which Alfred enquires, and care as little.

⁂ "Humanus" is mislaid. He should have kept a copy, for we are sure it was of "no value except to the owner."

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The hurly burly of political excitement is now, so far as this State and County are concerned, nearly over; and after enough votes of the State are ascertained to know positively how the election has gone, we shall have a period of comparative quiet. The Presidential election is a simple affair, like a plain question, and a plain answer, yes or no. It has not the clashing and conflicting local interests which jar and wrestle in local elections like that through which we have just passed. And when that is once over and the matter is settled for another four years, as it soon will be, we are really at a loss to guess how some of our earnest political friends will occupy themselves, and where they will turn to find food for excitement. But that is their look out and not ours. If they want a good newspaper to read these long winter evenings, we might give them a hint on that subject. There is not a clerk in the office—no, nor a boy in the folding room, who could not tell them which is the best Family Newspaper.

We like the fun and good natured noise of an election in a large city; and are pleased to remark that there were few exceptions to the good-natured rule here this week, and none of any magnitude or importance. The day was most glorious, and so far as the weather was concerned there was an entire absence of anything to discommode or to annoy. The vote, from this circumstance, and from the unusual interest taken was, it will be observed, an immense one; and yet as the time drew near for the closing of the polls, the applicants seemed to diminish in number, rather than to increase. "Vote early," seemed to be one of the watchwords of all parties, and a capital good watchword it proved. Had there been any delay in the early part of the day, the work could not have been done.

A practical illustration of what may be termed the *bon homie* of republicanism was shown in the treatment of the sick, the aged and the infirm. Grey hairs, or any physical weakness or debility were immediate passports to the polls, and while the well and young and strong were compelled to wait hours for their turns, the persons to whom we have referred were admitted at once to the ballot boxes by tacit consent of the whole crowds who were in waiting. Physicians too, whose time was known to be precious, were treated in the same courteous manner.

For the next few weeks Pennsylvania will be in the mouth of every politician, and we had almost said, of every voter in the Union. The result of her State election is one of the most important data in judging of the general result. For the returns of this election so far as we have been able to get them in we refer the reader to the proper column. Where not official, they have been compiled with the most sedulous effort at impartiality; for in the Saturday Post we know no political party, and act as the organ of none. In giving returns our rule is to give that party precedence which has given the most votes, let it be which it may.

By the Foreign News in this day's paper, it will be noticed, that our predictions have proved true in two particulars. Mr. O'Connell has been set at large. That this was done against the wishes of the ministry, it is of no use to pretend; and the government is placed in the position of a party who have accorded grace to the great agitator in a way that he could not reject or refuse. To us it seems like a complete victory over him; and we doubt very much whether the agitation can be so successfully kept up hereafter. And we venture farther to predict, that the grievances of which Ireland justly complains, will be gradually removed or ameliorated, or that advantages will be conferred to balance them. This is necessary—but it was deep policy so to make concessions as to give them the appearance of free gifts, and not of boons wrung from the administration.

Our own country now seems to be every where in a condition of prosperity and comfort, which makes the true heart glad. The harvests are in, and abundant. Industry thrives, and people are contented and happy. There is no fury or fever of speculation, and no extraordinary elation, threatening consequent depression. The steps by which we have reached this position have been gradual and easy; so much so, that we can hardly realize the contrast between the position of things now, and that of the times of depression.

We have little need to ask the reader's attention to our outside form to day; for the variety and interest of the contents will command it. The continuation of the original novel is sure of the eye of those who have read the first chapters. The Poem, by Mrs. Peirson, will amply repay even those who do not usually read verse. It is the work of a true woman—of one who understands her own sex better than the other can; and may set some men to thinking as they never thought before. Ezekiel Jones's narrative of the experience of the daughter of that Robert Rowe, whose ruin was described a few weeks since, and of the incidental reformation of her father, is one of those relations to which the Italian proverb may well be applied: "*Se non è vero, è ben trovato*"—if it is'nt true, it might be. Many is the man who has been saved by his children.

Our wild beast show is resumed on the last page again; and while we speak of that page, we must beg the reader not to pass over the Tale of Real Life—one of the most touching things, by the way, that has ever appeared in this paper. It may be one of the late frequent English Magazine plagiarisms, but it is good, let it have originated where it may. Finally, and to conclude, "Mend the Hole in Your Sleeve!" is a good lesson, and if there is any in our's this week, we shall try to have it healed before the next comes round.

ACQUITTAL.

Our readers remember the case in which Mr. Ford, of St. Louis, shot Mr. Low, of the same place, for the seduction of his daughter. He has been tried for the murder, and *acquitted*. It was undoubtedly a case in which the best sympathies of the heart would rise, in palliation of the murder, of which the accused was most certainly guilty; and though we have no desire that the penalty of the law should have been visited upon an agonized parent for such an offence, still it would have been the proper course to have returned a verdict in accordance with the law and the evidence. Then the clemency of the people, as represented in the pardoning power, could have been interposed in a legitimate and proper mode.

PERIPATETIC PROSINGS.

BONDMEN.

For a free county in a free State in a free country, and at an epoch of which it is said—

"This is a liberal age, and thoughts are free,"

Philadelphia has the most liberal sprinkling of bondmen that we ever encountered in the same number of square miles. If we are to credit their own mouths, as in perambulating we catch here and there a word, all the citizens, high and low, rich and poor, male and female, all are bound;—all, from the sureties of the government officials down to

The handsome nigga bound to shine—

seem to have come under this invisible yoke.

Some are "bound to go," and some are "bound to stay," some are "bound to do this," and some to do the other—some are bound to whip somebody, and others are informed that they are "bound to be licked." Some say they are bound to sell, and some are bound to buy, some are bound to ride, and some to walk—some to stand and some to fall. Many were heard to declare, during the late election, that they were bound to vote this way or the other—a restraint which we should think clearly against the constitution.

And not only men, but things are bound—them to answer and those not to fit; every creature, animate and inanimate, seems to have fallen under this spell of—orthography. which it is easier to speak, than to wait, think. Being this "bound" is, after all, but one of the modern parts of slang speech, catch words, and say something. Nevertheless, there are more "bound" than are aware of it.

The young woman who considers herself "bound" to flirt; to encourage the attentions of good looking young men only to jilt them; to wear a beau breathing as she does a bow ribbon—only till she can get a new one—that young lady may be "bound" to be an old maid, or else, which is worse, "bound" for life to some apology for a man, at whom she would not now look—bound to him for want of a better.

That lad who is "bound" to disobey his parents, and court the rowdy graces and the rowdy muses at the street corners—to sink his own character, and despise his own respectability—that boy is bound to be pulled by the beard by his own children one day, in return for his own filial disobedience.

And that other one, who begins by anticipating his wages—and proceeds to taking things on account from his masters stock—or to borrow from the till—that lad must beware. He is bound for the Penitentiary.

That merchant who asks uncommon privileges and courtesies of his mercantile friends, and is surprised at their ready compliance, need not be thus astonished. He is bound to be bound for them, and has bound himself to comply whenever they ask him; and it may end in more bonds than he will be able or willing to answer for.

That dealer who buys largely *because* his credit is good, is bound to find that credit is unlike some other matters, and does not grow with its growth—but weakens as it is expanded. He is bound to find out that it is easier to make a mark with a pen, than to cancel it with current funds.

That inconsiderate couple who, without weighing all the whys, wherefores, responsibities, and ways and means have bound themselves to each other without counting the costs and consequences, are bound to discover, and that presently, that they have bound a knot with their tongues, which will keep tied in spite of their teeth.

Those who bind themselves by promises are always bound to perform more than they counted on—and not unfrequently to find that those to whom they are pledged, feel themselves bound to complain, let the contract be kept ever so closely. Politicians who bind themselves to secure popularity, are bound to find that the hydra-headed Mr. Public holds his servants always bound to please all his whims, and to satisfy him by suplying and anticipating wants which Mr. Public himself can neither define nor designate. And whoever counts on popular favor as a permanence is bound to be disappointed. Mr. Public, who is bound to do foolish things himself, is bound also to tolerate no such liberties in his favorites. The instrument that discourses sweet music to-day is bound to jar on the popular ear in other states of the atmosphere. It is written, "put not your trust in princes." That caution, good in that connection—in another is a good deal more so. Every one of the people is a prince, and he who trusts to the hues of the ever varying popular whims is bound to be as much disappointed as he who looks for permanence in a kaleidoscope.

Chivalry is not extinct. In all times of excitement we find volunteers for the defence of the right—as they understand it. Let what commotion will occur, they are bound to interfere. Let who will strike, they are bound to strike back. Let who may be at the muzzle, they are bound to go off at half cock. Let what will fall, they are bound to take it up—and sometimes it burns their fingers. Let who will offer, they are bound to receive, and let who will speak, they are bound to answer. And for all this gratuitous service, they are bound in the end to find that he fares well, and only he, who minds his own business. That we are all bound to do, for nobody can be bound to do it for us—that is, not in the way we would choose, at any rate.

STEAM.

The most cursory observation must have apprised all our readers of the immense increase, within a few years, of the application of steam machinery. In the single branch of enterprise, navigation, it has taken a start, from the present comparatively small beginnings of which, we may promise an entire change, not only in our coastwise navigation, but in that of the whole world. The "Propeller" will, at no distant day, take the place of every other method of fitting out coasting vessels; combining as it does, speed, certainty, convenience, punctuality, simplicity and economy. The machinery requires little room, is not liable to get out of repair, and except in violent storms makes the mariner absolutely independent of the weather. And not only will our coastwise traders be thus fitted up, but carrying vessels across the Atlantic will soon go by the aid of steam and machinery—a luxury which, until recently, was thought hardly possible even for vessels carrying high priced passengers only.

The railroads of our country, now enormous in extent, and still increasing, form another important consumer of steam machinery. Our increasing manufactures are daily putting new works in operation—a great proportion of which are carried by steam power; and even in places where water privileges are usually employed, we find steam works prepared as an auxiliary, when the water is low, and as a substitute when it happens to be altogether deficient. Beside the larger works, in every street and court of the busy parts of our large towns and cities, we find steam engines of all sizes, from the plaything of one or two horse power, up, doing work which was formerly done by hand or horse.

If the statistics of this increase, in the application of steam, could be reached, it would amaze even those who are supposed to be tolerably familiar with the subject. And it is to be recollected, also, that as the building of machinery increases, its cost is diminished, by the increased facilities, experience, and system of the builders. Probably the lowest point of the expense of water power has been reached and demonstrated. The time is coming when, except in remarkably favorable natural places for the application of water, steam will be preferred, on the score of economy, as well as that of convenience. The immense canals, docks, and expensive works on the Merrimack, at Lowell, for instance, would hardly be undertaken in a like situation ten years hence.

This subject is particularly interesting to Pennsylvanians, on account of the increased market it will open for two of our great staples—coal and iron. Reference to our Bristol Correspondent's letter, will show what preparations are making in England, with the view that the artizans of that country are still to supply the world with rail-road iron. All that work for this country must, in the nature of things, soon be done here—and the United States will, for the next hundred years, require and use more railroad iron—we had almost said—than the whole world beside. That iron will come from our own mines. And as we send now locomotives abroad, which are preferred to all others, it certainly is supposing a less unlikely thing than that was, to say that the Pennsylvania mines will soon export their share of railroad iron.

The use of iron in constructing the hulls of vessels is another circumstance which will increase the demand for the ore, and the progress of its manufacture into suitable forms and qualities. And besides these larger purposes to which iron is applied, all builders of houses, vessels and bridges, of every thing in fact which the ingenuity of man constructs, will tell you that there are thousands of minor purposes, small in the separate details, but immense in the aggregate, to which iron and steel are now applied, on account of compactness, convenience and economy.

The subject grows under our pen, various branches and ramifications suggesting themselves, which we have neither time nor space to follow. It is obvious that as improvements in one branch of human industry proceed, others are benefitted, and new ones are suggested and struck out. Improved facilities for the conveyance of burthens and the transmission of merchandise, will make our bulky marble and lime more valuable; and even many articles which have now no market value at a distance from their quarry or deposits, will become wealth. The investigations of the scientific are giving importance and use to almost every created thing, however worthless it may hitherto have seemed—and the application of the sciences to the arts will put the wisdom of men to a practical use, which will encourage industry, and create wealth where, before, all was poverty and sterility.

In this great march of improvement no country is more happily interested than the United States; and no State will come in for a larger share than the Old Keystone. Despondence and doubt have already gone out of fashion in the face of these encouraging facts. The future is bright with these reasonable and cheerful anticipations; and the time is not far distant, as we have often before remarked, when the recollection of "*embarrassed Pennsylvania*" will be looked upon as among historical anomalies.

OUTRAGE ON OUR FLAG.

A Mr. Bousanquet, commanding the British man-of-war brig Alert, and the same man who distinguished himself by firing a musket into a Philadelphia brig, has been playing some more rather high pranks, which will hardly be justified by his Government. In this case, however, there is the cost and value of an American vessel, the brig Cyrus, of New Orleans, to claim indemnity for—as the American master has, if we understand the case, thrown the onus of a capture upon the Englishman.

Mr. Bousanquet visited the Cyrus, on the coast of Brazil, and after opening the hatches, against the protest of the captain, P. C. Dumas, demanded the papers. Captain Dumas refused to show them unless the Englishman, who was not in uniform, would show his authority. After some altercation, the captain and mate held the American Flag before the cabin door, and the boarders rushed over it, and continued their search. Breaking open the captain's trunk, they took the ship's papers, and threatened to "pocket them and go off." Upon this the American captain and crew immediately abandoned the vessel. Subsequent accounts state, that the English commander afterwards abandoned the Cyrus, and that she was taken possession of by the Portuguese. The matter will unquestionably form the subject of immediate correspondence between the two governments, that all the facts in the case may be reached. The impudence of such a popinjay as this Mr. Bousanquet would seem to be, makes him unfit to hold any place of trust or responsibility.

AMERICAN PROVISIONS.

In Willmer's News Letter we find a notice of an extensive sale of American provisions in London, which we extract as interesting to many of our readers:

"On Wednesday week, Messrs. Keeling & Hunt's sale of foreign provisions took place at their warehouse, in London, and was numerously attended by provision merchants and others attracted by the fact, that the present was beyond all comparison the best description of these articles that have yet been brought forward. The sale consisted of hams, pork selected for the country trade, or tongues, smoked beef, family beef and sausages, the whole of them imported into this country, and sold duty paid, for the purpose of ascertaining whether it were possible to bring this description of food into competition with home produce. The business of the day commenced with putting up 975 hams from New York, of fair average quality, equalling what is generally found at cook shops in London. These produced about 42s. per cwt.; a further quantity of 3,025 hams from the same place sold for 37s. The pork, which was a remarkable good article, not too salt, and apparently well fed, brought 30s. per cwt., whilst 100 kegs of tongues, which were remarkably good and well flavored, and equal to anything that could be obtained in London, produced at the rate of 1s. 11d. to 2s. each. The smoked beef, very fair, sold for 39s per cwt., and 150 half barrels of family beef, apparently well fed and sound meat, but rather too highly salted to please the majority of English eaters, found ready purchasers at 40s. per cwt., the sausages brought 9d. per lb., and the undressed turtle 5s. per lb. The quality of the provisions exposed at this sale was very superior to anything heretofore produced from abroad, indeed the improvements made in the art of curing were the general subject of remark."

COTTON.

We find the exports of cotton for the month of September, from the United States, estimated this year at 43,088 bales. In the same month last year the exports were 6,603 bales, and in the same month in the year 1842, the exports were 12,654 bales. In looking over a Liverpool price current, we find the prices are, for the cheaper qualities ⅛ to ⅛ less, Sept. 18, than they were in 1843, but on the higher price qualities the prices range from a half-penny to 6d. more in the pound. Up to the middle of September, 1843, the quantity of cotton taken on speculation in Liverpool, was 401,850 bales. In 1842 the quantity taken by speculators up to the same time was 294,550.

In reference to the crop this year we notice a calculation made by a New Orleans correspondent of the Baltimore Patriot, which seems not to be far out of the way. He assumes the largest crop of the United States under favorable circumstances, at 2,700,000 bales. He allows 200,000 bales for the loss by the inundation, and 150,000 for loss by worms, &c. This leaves 2,350,000 bales for this year's crop, provided that favorable weather and a late frost permit. Between 50,000 and 60,000 had been received at New Orleans up to the first instant.

A SUGGESTION.

The editors at Independence, Missouri, are urging the passage of a law giving traders to Santa Fe the benefit of drawback on goods exported by them to Mexico. This subject has been talked about in Congress, and, we believe, at some similar points drawbacks are allowed. Such an act would give our traders nearly the whole commerce of New Mexico, and even now the trade is not inconsiderable. The Santa Fe companies, during the last year, imported in specie about $400,000, and in robes and peltries about $50,000. Four companies went out this year, containing about 160 men, taking with them goods to the value of $300,000, and their outfit at that place cost about $36,000. Ninety-two wagons were in the companies. The trade of this year is said to be much less than usual, owing to the fact that a large number of the traders failed to return from Santa Fe on account of the rains, high waters, and bad weather.

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Perhaps it is not necessary to remind our readers again of the agricultural exhibition, cattle show and fair which take place next week near the Rising Sun Tavern. The State election being over, and that subject of excitement removed, no doubt the attendance upon the Fair will be very large.

MORMON AFFAIRS.

It appears that the purpose of Governor Ford in assembling 2,500 troops, as stated in our last paper was to secure the arrest of the persons charged with the murder of Joe Smith; and that he has been partially successful; though Thomas C. Sharp, editor of the Warsaw Signal, and Col. Williams, of the same place, had made their escape. A "wolf hunt" had been advertised to take place on the 26th and 27th ult. This was supposed to have been a protest to get people together to attack the Mormons, and since the muster of the troops has been abandoned.

Many of the Mormons were leaving their city, selling their property at a great sacrifice, and removing farther from such troublesome neighbors. There can be no doubt, we presume, that these people are miserably ignorant and deluded; but persecution will never make them any less so. Nor can the persecution of any sect be defended in a country where, so far as his fellow men are concerned a man has a right to hold or profess any religious opinion, while he does not molest others.

COAL.

The end of the "drought" has put an end to many fears which were felt about scarcity and high price of coal. The Pottsville Anthracite Gazette of Saturday says:—"Orders for coal are beginning to flow in upon the region more briskly than heretofore, and the shipments are increasing in consequence. The increase of coal transportation this week, on the railroad, is nearly three hundred tons, and in the canal, upwards of one thousand tons. The late rains have filled the channel with a sufficient supply of water, and the boats are now enabled to carry down full loads. Last week, and the week previous, the decrease in the weight of boats, in consequence of the scarcity of water, was an average of ten tons per boat. Freights from Pottsville to Philadelphia, 85 cents—to New York, $2 30. The total amount of coal shipped from January 1 to October 3, 1844, is $616,772 04.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

As the time is now fast approaching when the Presidential Election commences, we republish the following table, for the convenience of reference:

Pennsylvania	Nov.	1	Arkansas	Nov.	4
Ohio	"	1	New York	"	5
Maine	"	4	New Jersey	"	5&6
N. Hampshire	"	4	Louisiana	"	5
Connecticut	"	4	Tennessee	"	5
Virginia	"	4	R. Island	"	6
Georgia	"	4	Massachusetts	"	11
Mississippi	"	4	Maryland	"	11
Kentucky	"	4	Alabama	"	11
Indiana	"	4	Vermont	"	12
Illinois	"	4	Delaware	"	12
Missouri	"	4	N. Carolina	"	14
Michigan	"	4	S. Carolina by leg.		

The State Election yet to be held in Michigan, Mississippi, New York, Massachusetts and Delaware, take place at the same time with those of Presidential Electors.

AMERICAN SECURITIES.

The following are the latest quotations of American securities in England, received by the last steamer:

	Redeemable.	
Alabama Sterling Fives,	1858	80½
Indiana Fives,	1861-66	no sale.
do. Sterling Fives,	1861	37
Illinois Sixes,	1870	no sale.
do. Sterling Sixes,	1870	
Kentucky Sixes,	1869	93
Louisiana Fives, 1844, 47, 50 and 52		74 75
Maryland Sterling Fives,	1888	no sale.
Massachusetts Sterling Fives,	1844	100
New York Fives,	1858-60	91½
do.	1855-60	
Ohio Sixes,	1856-60	99
Pennsylvania Fives of all kinds,		69½
United States Bank per Debentures April 1841 and 1842,		64½
Camden and Amboy R. R. Bonds, Fives, 1889		84

FUND FOR THE R. D'S.

The plan of establishing a fund for the relief of reformed inebriates has originated in New York, and some progress made toward its realization. The head of the movement there is George Phillips Parker, Esq., formerly of Boston, but now resident in New York, who has given much time and money to the cause. The Mayor of the city, and several other respectable citizens, are associated with Mr. Parker as Trustees of the fund; and if the nail is at once struck on the head, and a good start given to the matter, will succeed. But delays are dangerous—more so, perhaps, in New York than in any other place in the country.

A FAT OFFICE.

It is said that the actual value of the fees of the U. S. Consul, at Liverpool, is about seventeen thousand dollars annually. The commercial credit and facilities which accompany it may be estimated at as much more. Of course it is the most lucrative office under the Government, being worth more than the Presidency, and six times as much as that of the Chief Justice of the United States, and thirty times that of Governor of some important States. Other accounts say that the office is not worth more than half as much; but it is good at that.

AMERICAN CUTLERY.

Mr. Weed, the editor of the Albany Journal celebrates some tailor's shears which he found in high favor in England, and which were manufactured at Newark, N. J. And our contemporary of the Sunbury American is celebrating the work of Mr. Jeremiah Zimmerman, of that borough, who turns out cutlery which would do credit to a Birmingham manufacturer. There is no possible reason why such articles should not be made in this country as well as any where else. We have the skill and enterprize, and every year adds to our experience.

MY CONSCIENCE!

A letter received from England by a house in Wall street, New York, is quoted in the Commercial Advertiser, as a curious instance of the ignorance of the resources and business of this country, which prevails in Europe. The letter states that silver had fallen in England one-eighth, "the large receipts from the United States, about $2,500,000, having affected the market, and that much surprise was manifested that so large an amount of silver could be spared from the United States." This is upon the whole rather amusing.

IMPORTANT DECISION.

In the Court of Common Pleas, of this county, before Judges King and Campbell, a case has been decided, which puts at rest a question much mooted here. It was a case stated for the opinion of the Court, upon a question, whether a minor, who is under eighteen years of age, at the time of his father's naturalization, thereby becomes a citizen or must himself be naturalized. The Court decided that the naturalization of the father, made his minor children residing in the United States citizens of the same.

AMERICAN INSTITUTE.

The seventeenth annual Fair of the American Institute opened in New York on Monday last, at Niblo's Garden; which is, as usual, entirely occupied with the display. In the evening an address was delivered by Ex-Lieut.-Gov. Bradish, and a brilliant display of fire works closed the first day's exercises. This exhibition is always visited by large crowds of New Yorkers and of strangers, and while it remains open, is *the* point of attraction.

THE SMITH COMET.

The comet discovered by Mr. Smith, of Cleveland, Ohio, it appears was seen in Europe before the 10th of September, the day of its discovery in Ohio. It was seen on the 6th of that month, at Hamburgh, and in London, on the 15th of September. Its tail is said to be very well defined in the telescope, and its nucleus bright and pretty well defined. It has been seen at Key West, Florida, with the naked eye.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

In reply to a letter on the subject, addressed by the Rev. Dr. Coleman, of this city, to the Governor of Pennsylvania, he says, that "unless he should change his present opinion, he will *not* recommend a day to be set apart this year for Public Thanksgiving." Well—we can be thankful without you, Gov. Porter.

NEW ORLEANS.

The season is now so far advanced that all fear of the yellow fever as an epidemic, at New Orleans has passed, and the citizens who have been summering at a distance are returning. It is expected that the business of the city will be exceedingly good this winter.

MEXICAN TENTS.

One thousand tents for the Mexican Government have been manufactured in Boston, and shipped to Havana. They were paid for by a draft on Baring & Brothers. The United States has enquired into the matter, and found that the tents were really made in Boston, and for the Mexican market, and they were represented in the clearance as 100 bales of manufactured sailcloth. The fact that they were paid for by a draft on Baring & Brothers proves nothing, however, except that the drafts of that house are as good as cash, and sometimes more convenient. We have been surprised to see some editors making it appear that the *English Government* paid for them, because an English banking firm's paper was used in the transaction.

CURE FOR TOOTHACHE.

We observe a new cure for toothache recommended, which, we think may be very effective, and very comfortable, if you do not burn the mouth. After the cavity of the tooth is cleaned, a piece of Caoutchouc, (Indian Rubber,) is put on a wire, and being softened in the flame of a candle, is pressed, while warm, into the tooth. Thus the air is kept from the nerve, and the cause of toothache removed.

Foreign Intelligence.

ARRIVAL OF THE CALEDONIA.

FIFTEEN DAYS LATER.

O'CONNELL LIBERATED—THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH DISPUTE SETTLED—SUBMISSION OF MOROCCO—RUMOR OF A PARTITION OF TURKEY—GENERAL PROSPERITY OF TRADE—FALL OF COTTON.

Since our last, the arrival of the regular steamship at Boston has put us in possession of late and interesting news from Europe. Dates are to the 19th of September. We lay the principal items of intelligence before our readers.

The Queen's second son was christened on the 6th of September, with great pomp, the Arch Bishop of Canterbury officiating. He received the names of Alfred Ernest Albert. He is to be called Prince Alfred. The Queen, on the 9th, left London on her visit to the Highlands of Scotland, accompanied by Prince Albert and the leading members of the Court. She was received with much enthusiasm on her landing at Dundee, whence she proceeded immediately to Blair Atholl.

Cotton was lower, and was said to have fallen one eighth of a penny between the departure of the two steamers. It had also fallen at Havre. Of the general state of trade it is remarked that it has not been more healthy for years than now. The harvest has been most excellent, and stocks of goods on the manufacturers' hands are light, while the Foreign Relations of the country have taken a peaceful turn, which scatters the war clouds effectually.

THE IRISH QUESTION.

The House of Lords, on the 4th of September, *reversed* the judgment of the Irish Court of Queen's Bench against Daniel O'Connell. The Lord Chancellor, Lord Brougham, Lord Wharncliffe, and some few others of the Lords spoke in favor of affirming the decision, Lord Brougham stated that he much regretted it. But when the question was taken, notwithstanding the opinions of the judges, (published by the last arrival,) the Lords REVERSED the judgment of the Court which sentenced O'Connell.

The news of the reversal was carried to Ireland and received with almost frantic joy by the people. When it was announced to Mr. O'Connell, it is stated that he received the news without the least emotion of surprise.

On Friday evening the order for the discharge of the prisoners arrived, and at 7 o'clock Mr. O'Connell, leaning upon two of his sons, left the prison on foot, and proceeded, accompanied by an immense assemblage, to his house in Merrion Square. The other prisoners subsequently left the Penitentiary, and were loudly cheered. Mr. O'Connell shortly addressed the crowds who were assembled in front of the house, thanking them for their peaceful conduct during his incarceration, urging them to a continuance of the same conduct, and promising them that they should soon have what they had long been striving for—repeal. On Saturday, according to arrangement, there was a grand demonstration, in the form of a triumphal procession, in which the whole of the trades of Dublin took part.

The papers state that the repeal agitation is still to be kept up, with modifications. Mr. O'Connell's plan, to assemble three hundred Irish gentlemen as a sort of Legislature, to make laws for the voluntary observance of the people, is modified, and the assembly is to be called the "Preservative Society," but not to be entered upon, even in that form, until the opinion of the ablest lawyers is taken as to its legality and safety. Mr. O'Connell threatens also that he will make a movement for the impeachment of the Judges by whom he was tried.

GENERAL.

Parliament was prorogued on the 5th September to the 10th of October. Before the adjournment Mr. Duncombe gave notice that at the next session he should call attention to the unsatisfactory nature of the late Post Office commission, and make a specific motion upon the subject. That investigation does not appear to have gratified any party.

In regard to the disputes with France, the Queen is made to say in her speech, that by the spirit of justice and moderation which has animated the two governments, the danger of an interruption of friendly relations has been happily averted. Sir Robert Peel declared the same thing in substance, in answer to questions in the Commons, and the newspapers on both sides of the Straits of Dover, are agreed on the same thing. Mr. Pritchard, the English Consul at Tahiti is appointed to another groupe of Islands in the Pacific. He receives a gratuity in compensation for his indignities; the French government has disavowed the act, and the British, as we have said, appointed him Consul to another place. So honor is saved all round, and the flames of war are prevented from being blown up by a very small matter.

Louis Philippe has probably made his English visit before this time. He was to leave Treport for England on the 6th Oct., and arrive at Windsor Castle on the 8th. He was to be accompanied by two of his Ministers, M. Guizot and Admiral Mackau. To be absent from France only eight days—and not to visit London.

The Bank of England has reduced the rate of discount on three months' bills from 4 to 2½ per cent.

The settlements of Sierra Leone and Cape Coast Castle have been appointed British Colonies.

In the late population reports, the number of Church of England clergymen is returned for England at 13,574.

A clerk in the Bank of England, and another in the Customs, have obtained a fraudulent transfer of £8,000 consols, with which they have absconded.

One of the first acts of Mr. O'Connell, on leaving the Richmond Penitentiary, was to forward his own subscription of £5 to the Duncombe testimonial, the regulations of that prison having prevented him from doing so earlier.

A war steamer, constructed of mahogany, and intended to be the largest in the world, is on the stocks, and will probably be launched in April next. She is to be called the Terrible.

Miss Peel, the daughter of the Premier, who has been so dangerously ill that her life was despaired of, is improving, and may now be considered out of danger.

The frightful contagious pestilence, the murrain, is making sad havoc among the cattle in North Wales. At Aberdeen, Byneress, Llanegan, &c., great numbers have perished. The disease is of so malignant a nature, that every animal attacked, dies almost instantaneously.

The prices paid by English sportsmen for leave to shoot on the highland moors, has become enormous. For instance, one paid five guineas a day, coupled with the condition to give up all the birds shot.

The Queen's visit to Ireland, which was prominently announced a few weeks since by the Ministerial papers, has been indefinitely postponed.

The great iron steamer Great Britain, it is now confidently announced in the British Mirror, will certainly be floated out of the dock in November.

MARKETS, &c.

One hundred and ninety-two bales of American Hay, the first shipment of that kind from this country to England, were sold in Liverpool, at 7½ to 8d. the stone, (fourteen pounds.) The hay was said to be not "what would be considered the best, or any thing like the best in England."

There was said to be little enquiry for American provisions. Lard was quoted at 34s. 3d per cwt.; hams 38 to 42s.; smoked beef 38 to 39s.; pork middles 33s.

Sales of cotton were languid, with a fall of an eighth of a penny on the quotations by the last previous steamer.

CONTINENTAL.

All France was in ecstacies at the result of the Prince de Joinville's operations in Africa. The Government of Morocco had sued for peace, the French demands had been complied with, and the treaty signed. An order had been despatched to the Prince de Joinville to cease all hostilities and evacuate Mogador.

Preparations had been made at Toulon to receive the Prince on his return with distinguished honors. It was said that he would be made Lord High Admiral of France, a post last filled by the Duc d' Angouleme.

The French had lost a large war steamer on the coast of Morocco. She ran ashore, and was instantly attacked by a horde of Moors, who were gallantly resisted by the crew, until assistance arrived. They were then taken off, and the vessel was burned by the French.

It is insisted in some of the French papers that a treaty of alliance had been concluded between England and Russia, having for its real and definitive object the speedy partition of Turkey, and for its avowed object to give to the former of these powers the sovereign command of the isthmus of Suez for political and military communications with India by the Red Sea, and to the latter the passage of the Dardanelles for her fleet of the Black Sea.

The Emperor of Russia has resolved to carry on a vigorous plan of operations against the Caucassians, and to be, if not actually himself in the field, at least near the theatre of war.

Spain continued in trouble, and there were rumors of apprehended outbreaks in the Roman States. The residence of the movers of the insurgents is said to be at Malta.

FROM THE EAST.

Abd el Kader is not in the power of the French.

Mehemet Ali has officially notified the Foreign Consuls that his health is perfectly re-established, and that he has renounced his intention of going to Malta.

One of the native regiments in India, the 64th had broken out into open mutiny, which was suppressed with the arrest of 36 of the ringleaders. An English foraging party of 50 had been cut off by the natives at Khangur.

It is said the negotiation with the American and French missions will be at Macao, where his Excellency, Mr. Cushing has been residing for a few months. The French plenipotentiary has not yet reached China, but he is almost daily expected. The precise object of these missions, and whether they will proceed to the north, is quite unknown. The American squadron in China, under command of Commodore Parker, consists of the frigate Brandywine, sloop St. Louis, and brig Perry; they are all fine vessels. At present they rendezvous at Macao.

A letter from China says, at Canton the populace was quite unruly. An arrow as a wind vane had been placed on the top of the United States flag, and great umbrage had been taken at this by the Chinese. On the 6th of May, Mr. Forster, the American Consul had caused it to be taken down. While doing this a riot commenced among the rabble, which was with difficulty suppressed. On the 17th the mob broke into the American factory and endeavored to pull down the United States flag. They were resisted, and a Chinaman was shot. The populace continued in great excitement, and it was thought that unless strong measures were taken, there would be no safety for either life or property at Canton.

Local Intelligence.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE.

The annual exhibition of American Manufactures by the Franklin Institute commences on Monday next, the 14th instant. A steam engine has been set up in the Museum Building, where the exhibition takes place, to put in operation any machinery which may be offered for exhibition. The industry of the past season will no doubt send proofs of its occupation and success, sufficient to make the exhibition a very varied and interesting one.

The Presentation.—The presentation of a sword and two silver pitchers to Capt. Mallory, announced in our last paper, took place in Germantown on Friday of last week. A large number of the residents, ladies and gentlemen, of Germantown, were present, also many distinguished officers and citizens from Philadelphia. The ceremonies took place in a large field in the rear of Mr. Wunder's Railroad Hotel, in Germantown. James Gowen, Esq., on behalf of the subscribers to this highly deserved and complimentary testimony of public approbation and esteem, in presenting the sword and pitchers, made a very beautiful and eloquent address, which was listened to with deep and earnest attention. Capt. Mallory replied to Mr. G., and the overflowing feelings of the gallant soldier could scarcely be repressed.

The Private Mail Letter Case.—In the case of the United States vs. James W. Hale, tried in the United States District Court, before Judge Randall, some weeks ago, upon a charge of carrying letters for hire, in opposition to the Post Office regulations, and contrary to an act of Congress, on motion of Henry M. Watts, Esq., District Attorney, judgment was rendered in favor of the United States on the special verdict. The defendants admit the carrying of letters, and the case is to be carried up, to test the constitutionality of the law, and reconcile the differing decisions of the District Judges.

True Bills.—True bills were last week returned by the Grand Jury, charging Andrew McLain and Samuel Vandergrift with the murder of John Guyer and Henry Troutman, of the Germantown Blues, in the Southwark riots. A true bill was found against John Taggart, charging him with the murder of George Shiffler, the first man killed at the Kensington riots on Monday, the 6th of May last. Taggart, it will be recollected, is the individual who was caught by the mob, hanged, cut down and beaten till he was nearly dead, during the height of the Kensington riots.

Serious Accident.—As two men were slating the lower edge of the roof of a new three story brick house, in South street, near Twelfth, on Monday, the scaffold upon which they stood gave way, and they were precipitated to the ground and injured severely. Their names are Jason Lewis and Wm. Thomas, the former about 38 and the latter 50 years of age. They were taken to the Hospital, bruised in the most shocking manner, Mr. Thomas so badly that he did not survive.

Detained.—James Murphy, arrested on a requisition from the Governor of New York, charged with being a fugitive from justice in that State, is detained here in custody as an important witness for the Commonwealth in some of the riot cases. After they have been disposed of, he will be returned to New York. He had been here some time in concealment, till the publication of his name brought him into the notice of his New York friends.

Sudden Death.—During the march of the procession on Friday night of last week, Mr. Timothy P. Craine, who was walking in it, fell and died almost instantly of disease of the heart. He resided in West Philadelphia, and has left a wife and one child.

☞ The First Troop, Third Brigade, paraded for inspection, in full uniform, on Monday evening, and presented a fine appearance, numbering thirty-three noble looking fellows. After the inspection, the following gentlemen were unanimously elected officers:—Captain, John Sydney Jones; 1st Lieut., F. H. Duffee; 2d Lieut., Joseph L. Bowker; 3d Lieut., K. H. Jones.

The Torch Light Procession.—On the night of Friday of last week, the Democrats of the city and county of Philadelphia, had a torch light procession. It was very long, and by the variety of banners, illuminated devices, &c., produced a very picturesque effect, reminding one of what we sometimes read about the Chinese "Feast of the Lanterns."

☞ The following is a copy of a placard pasted on the door of a tailor's shop in Fifth street below Market—"This shop is closed in honor of the King of Kings, who will appear about the 22d of this October." In another paragraph, the writer says—"Get ready, friends, to crown him Lord of All."

Death Warrant.—Sheriff McMichael received from Governor Porter, on Monday, the death warrant of Zeppon, alias Brainard, convicted of the murder of Cuffee Todd, at Holmesburg. He is to be hung on Friday, the 8th day of November next, in the yard of the County Prison.

Spring Garden Stages.—We observe that Mr. Kite has put several new stages on the Tenth street and Sixth street lines; all of which go full, and are driven by careful drivers. The stages are in good order, and the whole business is well conducted.

☞ The city councils have caused to be paid to each man in the new peace brigade, as reported by Gen. Cadwalader, the sum of $20, in pursuance of their ordinance.

☞ A new packet propeller, built of iron, called the Ocean, is to be put on the New York Line. She was built at Wilmington.

New York City.

IMPORTANT DECISION.

The Vice Chancellor decided on Monday that the million and first half million trusts created by the officers of the North American Trust and Banking Company are illegal and void; that the business in which this company was engaged, (buying and dealing in State stocks) was an unauthorized and illegal business; that the securities in the two trusts above mentioned consist of bonds and mortgages, and amount to about $2,000,000. John J. Palmer has been appointed special receiver, and the trustees are ordered to assign and deliver the property to him. The trusts were created, and the bonds issued to cover losses in speculations. The decision is in effect in favor of the second half million trust, and against the million and a half embraced in the two first trusts. The whole amount of securities in the three trusts is about three millions of dollars and likewise the very securities pledged for the capital stock.

Sunday Prize Fighting.—There was a prize fight in the upper and uninhabited part of New York City on Sunday morning last, which was over before the police got wind of what was going on, and could muster force enough to put it down. Many of the "streets" in New York, numbering twenty and upward, are not even laid out, and have no houses on or near them.

☞ As the train was passing over the Harlem river, on its way out, on Monday morning, the locomotive and tender ran off the track before entering upon the bridge, and ran into the river. The coupling attaching the cars gave way. The locomotive was considerably damaged, but fortunately no person was injured.

☞ The shipments of specie from New York, by the packets of the 1st inst., were as follows:—The London packet 160,000 Mexican dollars, 20,000 American halves. Forty thousand Spanish dollars, and $10,000 in English coin. The Havre packet $25,000 American halves, 16,900 Mexican dollars, and $20,817 in five franc pieces.

☞ The real estate of New York for the year 1844, is assessed at $171,936,591 18, and the personal at $64,023,456 80. In 1843 the real estate was assessed at $164,955,314 85, and the personal at $64,272,764 81. The nett increase is $6,730,968 32.

☞ The New Jersey Pilots brought into New York, during the month of September, 43 vessels, all boarded out of sight of land, some of them boarded sixty miles east of Sandy Hook, and some 175 miles south of the Hook. They piloted out 44 vessels.

☞ The N. Y. Republic says: "We learn that the quantity of Indian corn shipped from this port to England during the first eight months of 1844, was 190,000 bushels. Same months in 1843, only 35,000 bushels."

☞ When the vacation terminated, not less than 13,974 children took their seats in the public schools in New York, and out of 250 teachers and assistants, only eight were absent from indisposition.

☞ A night Inspector in the New York Custom House has resigned. He gave as a reason for the act, that the world was soon to be burnt up, and he wished to prepare for that event.

☞ A decision has just been made in New York city, which will give a summary process against persons vending liquor on the Sabbath.

☞ The proposed Washington Monument, in New York, is to be erected in Union Square, in the upper part of that city.

☞ They have public baths now in New York at six cents each for children, and twelve and a half cents for adults.

☞ Total receipts from Customs at the port of New York for the month of September, 1844 $2,480,806 70.

☞ Deaths in New York last week, one hundred and forty-six.

Notes of the Weather, &c.

RAIN.

An accurate rain-gauge has been kept at Washington, and the following is the result of Lieut. Sand's observations. The rain which fell in June, was 2,62,100 inches; in July, 4,84,700; in August, 1,30,100; in September, 1,78,100—in all, 10,53,100 inches. In the same months of 1843, the record at the Patent office shows as follows: June, 1,29,510; July, 1,78,010; August, 6,88,910; September, 6,49,610—total 16,46,000 inches. Difference against this year 5,92,900. There has been but one third less rain this year than the year before.

Earthquake at Demarara.—A frightful shock of an earthquake occurred at Demarara on the 30th of August, on a clear moonlight night. It caused a great deal of fright, without doing much damage, or occasioning any loss of life. It was felt with most severity at the penal settlement, the site of which is rocky. The concussion of the buildings themselves and the heavy iron fastenings of their doors and gates, created a tremendous uproar, high above which, however, could be distinguished the yells of the prisoners, praying to be released. One of them, an obdurate ruffian, told the guard who opened his cell as the day dawned, that he had never before believed that there was a God Almighty. When the fit of terror lasted, an infant might have led him.

☞ The Pittsburg Chronicle of Saturday says: "We have been informed by a gentleman who resides in Hollidaysburg, that snow fell in that neighborhood, on Sunday last, to the depth of twenty-two inches! We suppose that the sleigh bells were jingling right merrily the next day."

☞ The "Berkshire Hills" were covered with snow, on the 30th ult.

☞ Ice was formed on Tuesday week at Yarmouth, Massachusetts.

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance.

Postmasters are requested to *frank* their letters addressed to us. The word "*free*" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Removals must always state the Post Office *removed from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, assisted by *Moses Meeker, Jas. R. Smith, G. H. Comstock, J. K. Humphreys, J. T. Dent* and *E. Y. Jennings*.

JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.

HENRY M. LEWIS is collecting for us in Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for us in the South and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by *James K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem*, and *Henry Platt*.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Winchester.

Notices of New Works.

INCIDENTS OF SOCIAL LIFE *amid the European Alps. Translated from the German of Heinrich D. Zschokke, by Louis Strack. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.*—Zschokke is now seventy-three years old. He is a native of Madgeburg, in Prussia, but has been for many years a citizen of Switzerland. A collection of his works in forty volumes, was published a few years ago, including Religious and Moral Essays, Historical and other works, and Tales and Sketches. From these latter, the four tales in this volume are selected, and translated in a very happy manner. The titles are: The Fugitive of the Jura; Mend the Hole in Your Sleeve: The Fool of the Nineteenth Century; and Asleep and Awake. From one of these we have made a short and instructive extract, which appears in this day's paper. The three first mentioned Tales can but please every body. The fourth we do not pretend to understand, though there is said to be something deep in it. It will fascinate the imaginative, and delight the believers in animal magnetism, beyond measure. The book is most acceptable and agreeable, and printed in a style worthy of its matter.

PETER PLODDY, *and other Oddities. By Joseph C. Neal, author of the Charcoal Sketches. With ten Illustrations, by Croome, from designs by Darley. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.*—This is a volume of sketches, some of which have appeared before, while others are here offered for the first time in print. They are full of the peculiarly happy humor of Mr. Neal—the keen and playful wit, which cuts without offending, and can even make a man laugh at his own absurdities. Without grossness—without profanity—full of bubbling fun side by side with sound morality, bearing all the evidences of close observation of men, and wide acquaintance with books, Mr. Neal's sketches are like the picture of fruit at which the birds pecked. They satisfy the rigid critic, while they delight the most cursory and uncritical reader. They are human nature—just enough exaggerated to bring out its prominences, not enough burlesqued to lose the resemblance. Or as a transcendentalist might say, they are the ideal, dressed in a smock frock. The illustrations by Darley and Croome are worthy of the text. It can be obtained of *Robinson & Peterson*.

THE QUAKER CITY; or, THE MONKS OF MONK HALL, is the title of a romance, the first number of which, is issued by Zieber & Co. The author is not announced. The work promises to be a revelation of Philadelphia "life, mystery and crime," and that title is enough, with us, to prejudge it to Coventry. We have quite enough of these strainings after the horrible. Muly Ishmael could cut off a head at a blow, handsomely—but that is no proof that a less stalwart arm can hack clean with a penknife. Powerful writers can make a skeleton's teeth grin effectively in gold setting; smaller men mistake when they undertake to show up death's heads without any garnish of brains in the writer, or in the subject. This notice, we are bound in honesty to say, is written without our reading the pamphlet—or a word beyond the title. It may be a very good thing of the sort—but we hate the sort, and would never read a book with such a name, while there was an old Almanac about, any more than we would set foot on a board lettered "Man Trap," or "Spring Gun."

CANTUS ECCLESIAE, or, THE SACRED CHORISTER. *Philadelphia: Thomas, Cowperthwaite & Co.* This is a collection of Psalm and Hymn Tunes, Chants, Sentences and Anthems, comprising standard compositions, and selections from the works of the best authors of sacred music, together with many original compositions, by American authors, expressly for this work. The music is harmonized for four voices, and provided with an accompaniment for the organ and piano forte. The editors of the work and authors of many of the original pieces are W. H. W. Darley and J. C. B. Standbridge; both gentlemen well known in this city as practically as well as theoretically acquainted with church music. We have the opinion of a friend competent to judge, that the volume forms a valuable addition to the publications in this deservedly popular science.

REVUE FRANÇAISE *des Familles, et des Pensionnats, paraissant le premier de chaque mois. New York: F. G. Bertean. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co.* This is the first number of a work designed to be both a magazine and a review; giving in its first department, selections of interesting articles from French periodicals, and in its other portion selections of criticisms, literary and scientific news and notes, from established French periodicals, a list of new publications &c. &c. The plan of the work is comprehensive, and appears to be very well carried out in the first number. It will be an excellent work both for beginners who want practice in the French language, and for those also who desire to keep pace with the progress and history of French literature.

"THE APOSTLE'S DOCTRINE AND FELLOWSHIP." *New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: George S. Appleton.*—This is a volume containing five Sermons, preached in the principal church of his diocese, during the Spring Visitation, by the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of South Carolina, Dr. L. S. Ives. They are published by the unanimous request of the Convention of the P. E. Church, in the author's diocese. The five sermons are upon subjects appropriate to the circumstances under which they were delivered. The book is got up in an elegant style, uniform with the "Churchmen's Library," and the position of the author in his church will procure his work attention—particularly at the present juncture.

THE ROSE OR AFFECTION'S GIFT.—*Edited by Emily Marshall. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.*—This work, which has been issued now for several years, has been steadily making friends from its commencement. It is illustrated with ten steel engravings, and of a less price than some of its larger contemporaries it performs more than some books of greater pretensions. Its matter and embellishments are good, and it will always continue to find friends and purchasers, while it so well deserves them as it has done.

"NO CHURCH WITHOUT A BISHOP," is the title of a thick pamphlet, published by the *Harpers'*, and for sale in this city by *Ferrett* and by *Zieber & Co.* It contains the controversy between the Rev. Drs. Potts and Wainwright, with a Preface by the latter, and an Introduction and Notes by an "Anti-Sectarian." It can be had of *Robinson & Peterson*.

HINTS AND HELPS, *for the Home Circle. New York: John Allen. Philadelphia: E. Ferrett & Co.*—This is a work by Mary Elmwood, author of the "Lady at Home," and embodies, not only her own "hints," but the "sound and practical views of a number of sound and practical writers on the subject of the government of children."

CYCLOPEDIA OF PRACTICAL MEDICINE.—No. XIV. of this excellent publication has been issued by Lea & Blanchard, and brings the work down to the letter M. The part is largely occupied with a history of Medicine, which is clearly, written and comprehensive, though necessarily brief, when the magnitude of the subject is considered.

THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW. *October. Philadelphia: Robinson & Peterson, and Zieber & Co.*—This number is written with the usual ability, and as it appears on the eve of an election, has more than the average of political matter. It has for an embellishment, a portrait of Mr. Ritchie, the veteran editor of the Richmond Enquirer.

THE LADIES' COMPANION, *for October*, has been received by *Zieber & Co.*, and *Robinson & Peterson*. It has two steel plates, fashions, &c., and papers by the usual contributors. We notice the names of Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Orne, Mrs. Embury, Maturin, Ingraham, and others.

MCCULLOCH'S GAZETTEER.—Part XIX. of this valuable work is out, bringing us within one number of the completion. It is to be had of *Zieber & Co.* and of *Robinson & Peterson*.

THE GIFT, for 1845, is out, by Messrs. Carey & Hart, as our readers may have noticed by the extracts in our paper. We have only time to-day to say that it is a superb work.

Religious Intelligence.

☞ A few days since, an old revolutionary soldier was baptised in Bacon creek, in Hart county, Ky., by the Rev. Silas Lee, of the M. E. Church. His name is John Row, and he was one hundred and two years of age on the 11th day of last August.

☞ During fourteen months past, 4,255 copies of the Scriptures, in different languages, have been distributed in New Orleans by the agents of the Bible and Tract Societies.

BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.—The Baptist Association of Philadelphia have just concluded their session. Among the reports we find the following table of the number of members of churches in the connexion:

Lower Dublin Church, 299; Great Valley, do., 168; Brandywine, do., 67; Spruce street do., 303; New Britain do., 112; Hill Town do., 116; Marcus Hook do., 73; Roxborough do., 133; Second do. Philadelphia, 392; Blockley do., 141; Lower Merion do., 253; Third Church do. Philadelphia, 268; First African do., 252; Hepzibah do., 165; Lower Providence, 173; New Market do. Philadelphia, 419; Fifth Church Philadelphia, 454; Goshen do., 86; Bethesda do., 83; Central do. Philadelphia, 166; First Ridley do., 109, Union Colored, 179; Glen Run, 126; Newtown, 52; Mount Pleasant, 59; Chesnut Hill, 205; Reading, 162; Valley Forge, 78; Second Wilmington, 352; Upper Mount Bethel, 97; African Church, (Blockley) 66; Easton, 44; Tenth Church Philadelphia, 887; Eleventh do. Philadelphia, 537; Twelfth do. Philadelphia, 204; Balligomingo, 94; Schuylkill Falls, 42; Third African, 60; Second Southwark, 379; West Cain, 187; First Church, Passyunk, 30; Shiloh, Colored, 73; West Philadelphia, 38, Beaklyville, 86; Colerian, 48.

NEW CHURCHES.—Lancaster, 30; Solesbury, 30; Carnearvon, 28; West Kensington, 136; Broad Street Church, 136. Total, 8,727.

EPISCOPAL CONVENTION.—The General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church is still in session in this city; and will probably remain together during a part, at least, of the next week. The tractarian controversy has been before the members, and has elicited some able speeches upon both sides. The debates and proceedings attract a great many hearers, interested as all the members of that communion have been, in the subject. Of course the publication of matter on themes like these is not our province. All things have proceeded with Christian courtesy and charity.

☞ The congregation of Cottage Baptist Church, Buffalo, have purchased the lot on which the land office stands, opposite the Court House, for the purpose of erecting a new building thereon. The Rev. Mr. Burlingyme is the officiating pastor.

☞ Rev. Andrew Ten Brook, of the Baptist Church, in Detroit, has received from the Board of Regents, the appointment of Professor of Natural Philosophy, and the Philosophy of the Human Mind in the University of Michigan.

☞ Rev. Absalom Peters, D. D., late Professor of the Union Theological Seminary of New York, has been invited to the pastoral charge of the Congregational Church in Williamstown, Mass., and has accepted the invitation.

☞ The Ohio Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church closed its session at Marietta, on the 12th ult. Bishop Waugh presided, assisted by Bishop Soule and Janes.

☞ The Rev. Mr. Sterling, of Reading, has been invited to the pastoral charge of the Fifth Presbyterian Church, of Pittsburg, Pa.

☞ Governor Steele, of New Hampshire, has appointed Thursday, the 14th day of November, as a day of Thanksgiving.

☞ Thursday last was observed in South Carolina, as a day of Thanksgiving and Prayer.

Fires.

GREAT FIRE IN NEW YORK.—On Sunday morning early a fire broke out in the iron works of S. B. Althouse & Co., in the rear of 443 and 445 Broadway, and 20 and 22 Mercer street, between Howard and Grand streets, New York. The building was five stories high and fifty feet square. It was almost entirely destroyed, together with a large quantity of finished work, such as splendid grates, iron railing, &c., also the various tools used by a large number of workmen. The building was worth about $6,000, on which $2,500 was covered by insurance. The loss on stock, machinery, &c., is estimated at $20,000, $10,000 of which was insured. No. 443 Broadway, with which the building partially connects, is occupied by N. Ludlam & Co., as an extensive hardware establishment and warehouse for the sale of goods manufactured in the iron works. The stock is said to be worth $18,000, on which $6,000 is covered by insurance. It was evidently injured by water. The stock at No. 445 Broadway was partially injured, but fully insured. The whole of the buildings above mentioned are owned by Mr. Ludlam individually. There were 75 workmen in the establishment, all of whom, for a time, will be thrown out of employment. The origin of the fire is not known, but it was most probably accidental, originating from some of the forges in the building.

FIRE IN PENSACOLA.—We learn that a very destructive fire broke out in Pensacola on Wednesday morning last, in the store occupied at the time by Messrs. Sierra & La Rua at the corner of Palafax and Government streets, and which has laid in ashes the whole range of buildings on one street, and more than half of those on another. With the exception of Mr. Campbell's goods, we learn there was no insurance whatever. The printing office of the Gazette, on Zaragosa street, narrowly escaped conflagration. The materials, we learn, were thrown in the street in great confusion, and we fear Mr. M'Kinley will suffer some loss both in types and furniture.

☞ A fire broke out in Columbia, S. C., on Sunday evening week, which destroyed several stores; the upper parts occupied as dwellings. The fire broke out in the rear of Mr. David Ewart's store, situated next to the Court House on the north side—consuming in its progress the store occupied by Mr. John Ewart, a fruit store, the confectioner's store of Mr. Heisse, and Mr. Root's tin shop—extending as far as Dr. Wells' shop. A considerable part of the goods and effects were saved.

☞ On Monday night, about 12 o'clock, a frame stable, corner of School and Rawle streets, Northern Liberties, belonging to George Emery, was destroyed by fire, together with a quantity of hay and feed and some harness. The place was no doubt set on fire. A man, named Peter Himer, was found dead on the stable floor, who, it is supposed, was lodging in some part of the stable. He was a resident of the Northern Liberties, and supposed to be 25 or 30 years of age.

☞ A large house in Concord, New Hampshire, was consumed by fire on Thursday week. It was tenanted by the Rev. Sylvester Dana, Mr. Justin L. Robinson, Mr. Joshua Ingalls, and Mrs. True. Mr. Dana lost between four and five hundred volumes of theological works, and Mr. Robinson's family suffered severely. The house was insured for $1,000.

☞ The brick woollen factory of Gilson, Smith & Co., of Proctorsville, Vermont, was burned on the 29th ult. Nothing was saved from the spinning room or carding room, and but little from the weaving room. The contents of the two lower rooms were mostly saved, in a damaged state. Insured in Boston for $14,000.

☞ At Yonkers, near New York, the hat body factory of Waring & Co., valued at $7,000, not insured; the book cloth factory of J. & S. Dykes, valued at $5,000; and the grist mill owned by O. P. and S. W. Paddock, valued at $8,000, not insured, were all consumed by fire on Sunday morning last, about half past four o'clock.

☞ On the morning of the 1st inst., in Buffalo, N. Y., the extensive machine shop connected with the Wilkinson foundry, on Court street, near the canal, was entirely destroyed by fire. The establishment was new and of importance, and doing a very heavy business in the stove line. The foundry was saved.

☞ The dwelling house and stable at Norristown, belonging to Dr. Burton, were fired by some villain on Sunday morning last, in a most deliberate manner. The stable and its contents were burned, and the dwelling much injured. The library of the Doctor was entirely ruined.

☞ At Montreal, on Sunday week, the China and Glass store, of H. & B. Smith & Co., was consumed, and its valuable contents, worth $20,000, almost totally destroyed. Stock insured for $12,000, and the building for $3,600.

Elections.

FOR GOVERNOR.

	Markle, Whig.	Shunk, Dem.
PHILADELPHIA CITY,	5970	5264
COUNTY. Southwark,	2573	1521
Moyamensing,	1068	904
Northern Liberties,	2 50	3029
Spring Garden,	2079	1834
Kensington,	1890	1707
Kingsessing,	71	149
Passyunk,	117	190
West Philadelphia,	145	167
Blockley,	292	208
Roxborough,	497	477
Lower Dublin,	313	294
Oxford,	407	332
Bristol,	164	144
Unincorporated Northern Liberties,	209	295
Germantown,	564	464
North and South Penn Township,	233	396
Byberry,	137	69
Moreland,	31	66
Total vote in city and county,	22,810	17,175

There were 53 votes thrown for the "Liberty Candidate," 51 in the city, and the rest in the county.

The above gives Markle 5,635 majority. Other accounts report a heavier vote, and a larger majority—say 50 more.

The following are reported majorities from inland counties, with the vote of 1840.

	1840. V. Buren.	1840. Harrison.	1844. Shunk.	1844. Markle.
Adams,	1628	2453	maj.	700
Bedford,	2446	2910	maj.	175
Berks,	7425	3562	4456	maj.
Bucks,	4499	4795	300	maj.
Carbon, (new County)			340	maj.
Chester,	4682	5642	943	1597
Columbia,	2829	1325	1597	maj.
Cumberland,	2695	2791	41	maj.
Dauphin,	2187	3124	maj.	844
Delaware,	1335	2031	1492	2067
Franklin,	2692	3586	maj.	515
Greene,	2010	1350	947	maj.
Huntingdon,	2266	3826	maj.	1800
Juniata,	1043	906	120	maj.
Lancaster,	5470	9678	maj.	3867
Lebanon,	1462	2370	—	735
Lehigh,	2450	2405	264	maj.
Luzerne,	4119	2776	1480	maj.
Lycoming,	2181	1504	400	maj.
Montgomery,	4980	4068	1098	maj.
Northampton,	3838	2846	900	maj.
Northumberland,	2187	1351	1260	maj.
Perry,	1970	1072	670	maj.
Philadelphia Co.	13,363	10,189	18,835	14,572
Philadelphia City,	4774	7655	5984	9170
Pike,	524	135	580	maj.
Schuylkill,	2184	1881	987	maj.
Somerset,	765	2501	maj.	1800
Union,	1516	2423	maj.	786
Wyoming, (new county)			100	maj.
York,	4367	3798	894	maj.

VOTE FOR MAYOR.

	M'Call, (W.)	Badger, (Dem.)	Keyser, (N.)
North Mulberry,	565	387	479
South Mulberry,	402	251	419
Locust,	477	320	461
Cedar,	728	365	527
North,	565	387	479
Upper Delaware,	246	380	310
Lower Delaware,	339	298	395
Chesnut,	231	148	135
High,	253	189	218
Middle,	393	274	284
South,	338	223	232
Walnut,	132	149	125
Dock,	243	211	225
New Market,	277	287	318
Pine,	236	197	262
	5534	4039	4868

Mr. McCall, (Whig,) has a plurality, and will, of course, be elected by the Councils. Last year, Mayor Scott, (Whig) had a majority of 2,609.

The Whig Council and Legislative tickets are elected in the city proper by a majority rising two thousand—averaging, perhaps, 2,200.

COUNTY.

The Native Americans have elected their County Commissioner, Auditor, and Legislative Ticket. The majorities we do not undertake to state, as they vary in different accounts.

In the Northern Liberties, Joseph S. Riley, (Native,) has for Mayor, 2,799 votes; Besterling, (Dem.) 2,719; Bryant, (Whig,) 382. The Native Commissioners are elected by a majority of about a hundred, but as two-thirds of the old Board remain in, and the election for Mayor, as in the city, now devolves on the Board, Mr. Besterling, (Dem.) will probably be elected—or Mr. Riley may possibly be.

In Kensington and Spring Garden, the new Commissioners elected are Natives. In Moyamensing, the Democratic Ticket has been elected.

CONGRESSIONAL.

FIRST DISTRICT.—This is composed of Southwark, Moyamensing, Passayunk, and Cedar and New-Market, city wards. It gives Mr. Levin, (Native American,) 3,752; Mr. Lehman, (Dem.) 2,753; and Mr. Morris, (Whig,) 2,117. Mr. Levin has a majority of 999 over the other highest candidate, and is elected.

SECOND DISTRICT.—This District includes all the City proper, except Cedar and New Market Wards. J. R. Ingersoll, (Whig,) has 5,384; H. R. Kneass, (Dem.) 3,513; J. W. Ashmead, (Native,) 3,113. Mr. Ingersoll has a majority over Mr. Kneass, of about 1,870 votes. In the other Wards in the City, which vote in the First District, the Whig candidate's majority was about 300 over Mr. Levin.

THIRD DISTRICT.—This District is composed of Spring Garden and the Northern Liberties, Mr. Campbell, (Native,) has 4,487; Mr. Smith, (Dem.) 4,212; and Mr. Steel, (Whig,) 566. There is yet one Ward in the Northern Liberties to hear from, but Mr. Campbell is no doubt elected.

FOURTH DISTRICT.—In this District, composed of Germantown, Kensington, and a large number of the small townships of this county, Ingersoll, (Dem.) has 4,184, Shearer, (Native) 4,105, Duffield, (Whig) 1,640. This gives Mr. Ingersoll 79 majority, but in so close a vote the official returns may alter the result.

It is claimed by the Natives, that there is an error in the above, which, when corrected, will give the Natives a small majority.

The following reports we gather from the returns, but cannot pretend to give majorities.

Delaware and Montgomery re-elects Yost, the Democratic candidate.

Broadhead (Dem.) will be re-elected in Northampton.

John Strohm (Whig) is elected in Lancaster, in place of Brown, (Whig.)

McIlvaine (Whig) is re-elected in Chester.

Ramsey (Whig) is re-elected in Dauphin, Lebanon and Schuylkill.

In Franklin, Cumberland and Perry, the Democrats re-elect their man.

The above reports are none of them *official* and although we have endeavored to compare and correct the various accounts by each other, and give what seems to approximate nearest to the truth, there may be some essential errors. It is impossible from these returns to judge with any degree of certainty how the State has gone.

NEW JERSEY.

The following reported returns from all the counties in New Jersey, give the gubernatorial vote—a Whig majority in thirteen counties out of the sixteen. Official returns will vary the majority probably, but there is no doubt that Mr. Stratton is elected by a majority of between one and two thousand. The election was held on the 8th and 9th, and the vote was for Governor and Legislators.

	Whig	Dem.
Hudson,	478	
Passaic,	343	
Essex,	1797	
Morris,	311	
Somerset,	290	
Middlesex,	352	
Burlington,	689	
Gloucester,	674	
Camden,	397	
Salem,	285	
Cumberland,	230	
Cape May,	471	
Mercer,	237	
Bergen,		417
Sussex,		2140
Warren,		1181
Hunterdon,		692
Monmouth,		350
Atlantic,		32

DELAWARE.

In the late election for Inspectors it seems yet a doubt which party has a majority in the whole State—nor is it of much consequence. First one side and then the other has been rumored as the victors—the last accounts giving it, we believe, to the Whigs.

In the Wilmington Charter election, held on Tuesday, the Democrats have an average majority of about 60.

MARYLAND.

The majority for the Whig Governor, is about five hundred and fifty in the whole State, and as this vote is behind the other candidates, there is, of course, a Whig preponderance in the Legislature.

General News.

☞ A boy named William Piercy, aged eleven years, fell from the roof of his father's house in Washington City, on the 4th inst., and alighting on his feet, sustained but little injury. The distance he fell was nearly forty feet! It is to be feared that the lad will be found to have sustained serious injury. Should he survive, it will probably be noticed that he will make a very fleshy man.

☞ The mail between Salisbury and Cheraw, N. C., was robbed a few days since, of $700. A stage driver by the name of Conrad Fosterman, or Fessenden, has been arrested, and after examination, was bound over to trial at the next term of the United States Court, in the town of Raleigh.

☞ The sum ($50,000,) has been obtained at Providence, which was requisite, to secure the liberal donation of Cyrus Butler, Esq., towards building an Insane Asylum in Rhode Island.

☞ Some green and ripe strawberries were picked in the field at East Windsor, Conn., by Mr. Henry Case, on the 27th September. An unusual circumstance for this season of the year.

☞ The Cincinnati Bulletin states that the United States Snag Boats are doing a great deal toward the improvement of the western waters, by the removal of obstructions.

☞ The United States revenue collected in Boston, for the year ending September 30, 1844, was $5,884,390, an increase over the year previous of $2,860,473.

☞ Daniel V. Hoit, Conductor, fell from the Boston and Portland train, near Andover, on Friday and was shockingly mangled. His life is despaired of.

Educational.

☞ Since last year 2,201 volumes have been added to the library of Brown University, Providence, R. I.—459 by purchase, and 1,742 by donation. The whole number of volumes reported last year as belonging to the library was 10,523, exclusive of pamphlets and odd volumes not catalogued. The whole number is now 12,724, exclusive of pamphlets.

☞ There are in the Medical College of South Carolina, 224 students, viz: From South Carolina, 152, Alabama 32, Georgia 20, North Carolina 11, Mississippi 5, Tennessee 2, Florida 2. The number of graduates at the last commencement was 62.

☞ The Rev. Dr. Junkin, has accepted the call, tendered him by the Trustees of Lafayette College, Easton, again to preside over that Institution. He will take charge of it at the opening of the coming Session.

☞ A Convention of Teachers is to assemble in Cincinnati, on the 16th of this month, and remain in session during four days. The subject of education, moral, literary and scientific, is to be considered.

☞ A professorship of Comparative Anatomy has been established in the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, and Dr. DeKay has been appointed to fill the newly constituted chair.

☞ The national schools in England have increased during the last four years from 6,778 to 10,087, and the number of scholars from 587,011 to 875,194, or at the rate of more than 71,090 a year.

JEFFERSON COLLEGE, PA.—By the last catalogue, we learn that the students in this institution, amount to two hundred and three. In the college proper, there are one hundred and sixty-seven.

☞ The Freshman class of Amherst College is larger than for two years previous—numbering 34. Dr. Humphrey yet holds the office of President, as he will do until a successor is obtained.

☞ The nett of the North Carolina School Fund for the year ending September 1st, 1844, is $92,027 71. Only two counties have refused to adopt the system.

☞ M. Schnell de Vere, a resident of Boston, and a Prussian by birth, has been chosen Professor of modern languages in the University of Virginia.

Personal News.

☞ Mr. Elihu Burritt, of Worcester, Mass., has been engaged to deliver the address before the Kennebec Agricultural Society. It was delivered in the Representatives Hall, in that place, on Thursday last.

☞ The Honorable Edward Everett, Envoy Extraordinary, and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to the Court of St. James, at the last accounts, was on a tour through Scotland.

☞ Captain George M'Lean, late Governor of Cape Coast Castle, Africa, known as the husband of "L. E. L.," arrived at Boston on Friday week, from Africa.

☞ Mr. Spencer, a Whig, has been removed from the office of Measurer of the port of Baltimore, and Mr. Philip Laurenson, Democrat, appointed in his place.

☞ The President of the United States has recognised Albert Schumacher, Esq., of Baltimore, as Consul General of Hamburg for the United States.

☞ Hon. Langdon Cheves, who was talked of for U. S. Senator from South Carolina, declines to accept any public station, whatever.

☞ The Hon. W. P. Mangum, of North Carolina, is still seriously indisposed at his residence on Flat River.

☞ The President has appointed Vespasian Ellis, of Missouri, Charge in the Republic of Venezuela.

☞ Judge Joel W. White, of Connecticut, has been appointed United States Consul at Liverpool.

☞ Among the passengers in the steamer Caledonia was Dr. W. W. Gerhard of this city.

Army & Navy.

☞ The U. S. ship Cyane, Capt. Hollins, arrived in Hampton Roads on Wednesday of last week, from Callao, and last from Rio Janeiro—98 days from the former and 43 from the latter. The Cyane left at Rio, August 19, the following United States vessels of war:—Frigates Raritan, Captain Gregory, to sail on a cruize in a few days; Congress, Captain Voorhees, to sail on a cruize in a few days, Constitution, Capt. Percival.

☞ The U. S. steamer Princeton has taken on board her large gun, at New York. The Express says:—"A series of interesting experiments, intended to test the strength and power of this monster gun, have just been completed. We understand that much heavier charges have been employed, than that which resulted disastrously to the "Peacemaker."

☞ The U. S. store ship Lexington arrived at New York on Sunday, from Gibraltar. Below we give a list of her officers:—Lieutenant Commander, Wm. M. Glendey; Lieutenants C. F. M. Spotswood and [illegible] Chas. C. Barton; Master Daniel Ammen; [illegible], Samuel Forrest; Surgeon Daniel Egbert; Captain's Clerk, John Magruder; Master's Mate, Cotton Gale.

☞ The Naval General Court Martial, at Washington, has not yet concluded its investigation respecting the burning of the U. S. steamer Missouri.

☞ U. S. sloop of war Fairfield, for Tunis, Tripoli and Morocco, sailed from Palermo, August 29, all well.

☞ The U. S. sloop of war Plymouth was on the point of sailing from Constantinople on the 20th of August.

☞ Richard Devans, Esq., formerly an enterprising shipping merchant in Boston, has been appointed Assistant Chief of the Bureau of Construction and Equipment in the Department of the Navy, at Washington, by the President.

☞ The Palestine, at Boston, from Coast of Africa, was boarded July 10, off Po Po, by U. S. ship Decatur, all well, and June 17th off Quitta, by U. S. ship Macedonian, all well.

☞ The U. S. ship Brandywine, from Macao and Manilla, was at Hong Kong, May 6. The St. Louis sailed thence on the 4th.

The Markets.

SALES OF STOCKS.

875	shares	Wilmington R. R.	25½a25¾
541	do.	Girard Bank,	11½a11¾
437	do.	United States Bank,	5½a5¾
100	do.	Vicksburg, (N. Y. Certificate,)	7¼
100	do.	N. American Insurance Co.,	7¼
50	do.	Grand Gulf Bank,	10¼
40	do.	Norristown Railroad,	8¼
30	do.	Mer. & Man. Bank, Pittsburg,	46
20	do.	Morris Canal,	11
11	do.	Northern Liberty Bank,	40½
10	do.	Camden & Amboy R. R.	109¼
10	do.	Planters Bank, Tenn.	67½
8	do.	Northern Bank of Kentucky,	91¼
4	do.	Far. & Mec. Bank,	43½
$20,000		Reading R. R. Bonds,	72
$18,000		Reading R. R. Bonds,	73½
$40,000		Reading R. R. Bonds,	72¼
$11,000		Penna. 5's,	74
$2410		Texas Notes,	11
$267 01		Penna. 5's, 1846,	69
$10,000		Cincin. Bonds, 6's, 1860,	101
$2000		Tenn. Bonds, 5's, int. 1st July,	85½a85
$4000		Penna. 5's,	74½

DIVIDENDS.

The Farmers' Bank of Maryland has declared a half yearly dividend of three per cent.

The Eagle Fire Insurance Company, New York, have declared a semi-annual dividend of five per cent., payable on the 9th inst.

The State Bank at Newark has declared a dividend of three per cent. for the last six months, payable on demand.

The Albany City Bank has declared a semi-annual dividend of four cent. payable on the 1st of October.

NEW COUNTERFEITS.

One dollar counterfeit note of the Bank of Smyrna, Delaware, dated March 7, 1814, letter D, signed T. Hook, Cashier, and A. Smith, President, has been put in circulation in Lancaster.

The following are new counterfeits—5's, Dover Bank, N. H.; 20's, Union Bank, N. York; 20's, Bank of Smyrna, Del.; 20's, State Bank of Indiana; 5's, Bank of Cumberland, Portland, Me.; 5's, City Bank, New Haven, Ct.; 10's, Bank of the State of South Carolina; 10's, Leather Manufacturers' Bank, N. York; 3's, White Plains Bank, New York.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Bark—No sales of Quercitron. *Coffee*—The only sales are about 1600 bags Rio, principally at 7c on time, including a lot on private terms. *Cotton*—The few sales making are at steady prices, among which we notice ordinary to middling uplands, and Tennessee at 5¼a6c; fair Louisiana and Mobile at 7¼c on the usual credit. *Fish*—No alteration in mackerel; sales by retail at $11, 8,50 and $5,50 for the three numbers. *Flour and Meal*—We notice a better feeling in flour since our last weekly report, and export sales to the extent of 2000 bbls at $4,37½a4,44 and 4,50, which is now the price demanded by factors—sales for city use to a fair extent at $4,44 to 4,50 for fair, and $4,62½a4,75 for good and extra brands. Rye Flour—Market bare; last sale at $3. Corn Meal—Sales of Pa. at $2,37½, and a small lot of Brandywine on terms we could not learn. *Grain*—Arrivals of wheat light; sales of several lots of good and prime southern at 90a92c, and one parcel at 92½c, which is a slight advance. Rye—Sales of southern at 58c. Corn—Sales of southern yellow at 49c, and since at 48c; we quote at the latter rate; sales of white 43a43½c. Oats—Dull; sales of southern at 26c. *Lead*—No arrivals. *Molasses*—Market quiet, small sales of Matanzas at 25c, 4 mos. *Oils*—No alteration. *Plaster*—Sales at $2,62½. *Provisions*—Small sales at previous rates. *Rice*—About 200 casks just arrived were sold at 3¼c on time. *Salt*—Four cargoes Turks' Island have been taken at about 23c, 6 mos. *Sugars*—We notice sales of 400 hhds New Orleans on terms not public; one half for another market; and 300 boxes Matanzas browns at 7c on time. *Seeds*—Sales of flaxseed at 130c. *Whiskey*—Small sales at 24c for hhds, 25c for bbls.

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia.—The offering comprised 600 head beef cattle, including 180 taken to New York; 120 cows and calves; 1100 sheep, and 300 swine. Prices—Beeves generally were of poor quality, and prices ruled low. We quote at $3,50a4 per 100 lbs—150 unsold. Cows and calves are rather higher; sales at $18 to 30; extras $35. Swine—Sales at $4a4,50 per 100 lbs. Sheep—Mostly taken at $1 to 3 each.

New York, Oct. 7.—At market 1600 beef cattle, 400 from the south, 35 cows and calves, and 4050 sheep and lambs. Prices—Beef Cattle—Last week's rates are fully kept in the face of the large supply; we quote $4,25 to 4,75 to $5,25a5,50—left over 400. Cows and Calves—All in market were taken at $15a25. Sheep and Lambs—The market was cleared at $1,25a3,50 for sheep, and 75c a $1,75 for lambs. Hay—No change from last week.

Baltimore, Oct. 3.—Supplies of beef cattle have come in freely again this week, and prices show no change. The offering at the scales on Monday, embraced about 800 head, of which 230 head were driven north, and 400 sold to the butchers in the city. The extremes of prices paid, $1,25 to 2 per 100 lbs on the hoof, according to quality, equal to $2,50a3,75 nett. Yesterday 70 head left over from Monday, with the addition of 27 fresh, were offered, and 35 sold at prices ranging from $3 to 3,50 per 100 lbs nett. [illegible] principally at about $1,25.

Richmond, Oct. 3.—For cattle from [illegible] weight, $1,87½ to 2,12½, nett $3½ to 4,25. [illegible] 2¼, according to quality. Veals sell from $2 to 5, according to quality. Lambs from $1,50 to 2. Hogs, neat, $4½ to 4,75 per 100 lbs.

BARNHILL'S INDELIBLE INK.

Just received a supply of this celebrated Ink, and having tested it thoroughly, I am prepared to warrant it equal, if not *superior to any made in the United States*, or of the imported. ALEXANDER HARPER,

1212 Wholesale Druggist, No. 45 Market street.

BARNHILL'S INDELIBLE INK.

The subscriber has received a supply of this valuable article, which he confidently recommends to the public as the very best in the market.

It is used without a preparation, and produces a jet black and indelible impression if applied according to directions. EDWARD PARRISH,

1212 Druggist Ninth and Chesnut streets.

SAND'S SARSAPARILLA.—Diseases of the skin have attracted comparatively but little importance until within a short period, and perhaps there never was a time when so much interest has been manifested as at present, both on account of the local ravages of this class of maladies, and their being the attendants of the most obstinate chronic constitutional disorders. The complexion, otherwise transparent, is ruined by pimples, pustules or glandular enlargements, festering under the skin, which not only endanger health, but life. In other cases, dark, livid spots, blotches or carbuncles, approaching a state of suppuration, are observed. It would be in vain to portray the different shades and varieties of cutaneous affections, but enough has been averted to show conclusively these diseases have their origin in the general system or constitution. How can health be enjoyed, or life itself prove a blessing, when the blood, the grand fountain of life and health, is impure?

For farther particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained of the agents gratis.

Agents in Philadelphia, S. P. Thomson, corner of 5th and Spruce street, and Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street.

Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States. Price $1 per bottle—six bottles for $5.

Prepared and sold, Wholesale and Retail, by

A. B. & D. SANDS, Wholesale Druggists,

79 Fulton street, New York.

BILIOUS FEVER generally begins with yawning, stretching, pain in the bones, langor, giddiness, a swelling about the region of the stomach, bilious vomiting, and other unpleasant symptoms.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills have no superior, if indeed they have an equal, in removing every description of fever; because they carry off, by the stomach and bowels, all morbid and corrupt humors, (the cause of disease,) in so easy and natural a manner, that the body is actually relieved of every kind of suffering as if by magic. Four or five of said Indian Vegetable Pills, taken every night on going to bed, will in a short time remove the most obstinate cold, rheumatism, gout, pain in the side or breast, headache, giddiness, and all other unpleasant complaints; at the same time the digestive organs will be restored to a healthy tone, and the blood so completely purified that new life and vigor will be given to the whole frame.

☞ WE are sorry to add that notwithstanding the great efforts of the PROPRIETOR OF WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, to secure to the public the GENUINE MEDICINES, we have evidence of gross attempts to deceive and impose upon the unsuspecting. We therefore caution those who wish for the GENUINE PILLS, to beware how they purchase, and especially avoid those who offer the medicine at a REDUCTION from the REGULAR PRICES.

Beware of Counterfeits.—The public are respectfully informed that all *Travelling Agents* who sell genuine, are provided with a certificate of agency, signed by William Wright, Vice Pres. of N. A. Coll. of Health.

Offices devoted exclusively to the sale of the medicine, wholesale and retail, No. 169 RACE STREET, PHILADA., No. 288 Greenwich Street, New York, and No. 198 Tremont Street, Boston. Also, for sale by Mr. John Thompson, No. 153 Liberty St., Pittsburg.

☞ *Remember, none are genuine except Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, and beware of travelling impostors.*

HEALTH OFFICE, OCTOBER 28, 1844.

INTERMENTS

In the city of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township and Kensington, From the 28th of September to the 5th of October.

DISEASES.	Adults	Children	DISEASES.	Adults	Children
Asthma,	1	0	Brought over,	28	28
Apoplexy,	3	0	Inflammation of the Brain,	3	3
Burns,	0	1	—Lungs,	1	1
Croup,	0	7	—Stomach and Bowels,	1	1
Congestion of the Lungs,	1	0	Intemperance and Exposure,	3	0
Consumption of the Lungs,	7	2	Inanition,	1	0
Convulsions,	1	2	Mania a Potu,	1	0
Diarrhoea,	2	1	Malformation of the Heart,	0	1
Dropsy of Head,	0	4	Marasmus,	0	1
Disease of Bowels,	1	0	Old Age,	3	0
—Liver,	2	0	Palsy,	1	0
Drowned,	0	1	Purpura,	0	1
Dysentery,	2	1	Scrofula,	0	1
Debility,	1	1	Sore Mouth,	0	1
Erysipelas,	1	1	Still Born,	0	8
Fever, Bilious,	1	0	Unknown,	1	4
—Remittent,	2	0	Whooping Cough,	0	7
—Scarlet,	0	2			
—Typhus,	1	2			
—Typhoid,	2	3	Total,	95—45	50
Carried over,	28	28			

Of the above there were 10 from the almshouse, and 10 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,

SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

		9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Sept.	29,	45	46	46
	30,	51	61	66
Oct.	1,	53	59	69
	2,	52	62	65
	3,	57	66	66
	4,	59	62	68
	5,	56	63	66

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Subscribers will find all remittances credited below. Those living in the vicinity of a Post Master can call upon him and have their letters containing money *franked*, if the letter contains nothing but what relates to the business of the office. Many hundred dollars might be saved us if attention was generally paid to this matter. It would be as well in as many cases as possible for the subscriber to write his own letter, and subject it to the inspection of the Post Master before sealing, as a mere line approving of the letter, and a frank on the outside will be all that the law requires, and will relieve him from much trouble.

Receipts for the United States Saturday Post from 25th September to the 7th October.

September 25, received from			
L. Shallcross	$4 00	D. D. Pierce	2 00
D. Boyd	5 00	H. Worden	6 00
J. S. Sheetz	2 00	W. Smith	4 00
R. Thorp	4 00	H. Kates	1 00
W. Boyd	1 25	Ann Hendrickson	2 00
D. Cookley	2 00	Dr. E. M. Pyle	2 00
J. B. Neill	2 00	C. Jones	2 00
P. Taylor	2 00	R. D. Larew	10 00
September 26.			
E. Buckman	6 00	J. C. Gawthrop	2 00
J. Wilson	2 00	J. Cowsart	2 00
L. W. Rodgers	2 00	J. Ritter	2 00
M. Babcock	2 00	J. Curtis	5 00
D. Bullard	2 00	W. M. Amos	1 50
G. Johnson	2 00	G. W. Green	1 50
S. E. Wilson	2 00	J. F. Hasler	2 00
Mrs. A. Coffman	2 00	F. Hoeckley	2 00
R. Gilchrist	2 00	G. McGraw	2 00
September 27.			
J. Livrey	2 00	J. Reichard	2 00
J. Corbett	2 00	J. M. Woods	2 00
Dr. J. H. Gibson	2 00	W. S. Smedley	3 00
Miss M. Maison	2 00	Dr. E. G. McGooran	3 00
M. Kempton	2 00	Dr. B. Kreamer	3 00
J. S. Lovering	2 00	S. J. Proctor	5 00
Susan Keyser	2 00	A. Flitcraft	3 00
Emily Angus	2 00	Anna Lord	2 00
I. Elliott	2 00	J. K. Martin	3 00
T. Hurlbutt	2 00	J. Opdyke	3 00
E. Fiske	3 00	C. J. Ford	1 50
W. Kains	5 00	A. Crockett	1 50
September 28.			
P. Bishop	2 00	B. W. Sellers	12 00
J. W. Dennison	1 00	W. Jones	4 00
H. Camborn	2 00	H. W. Martin	5 00
J. Collins	3 00	A. L. Dunn	2 00
J. McGowan	2 00	W. P. Beade	2 00
J. Dysart	1 00	J. P. Lorton	2 00
J. Smithson	2 00	R. H. Wilkins	2 00
September 30.			
J. E. Jones	2 00	W. Ely	2 00
L. Day	2 00	G. Deffenback	2 00
J. M. Niece	2 00	R. C. Cutler	2 00
L. Applegate	5 00	Rev. W. V. Bowers	2 00
M. Thomas	2 00	J. A. Downey	2 00
J. Lee	2 00	A. R. Freeman	10 00
A. Britton	5 00	L. D. Beely	2 00
R. F. Snoddy	2 00	J. P. Rast	2 00
Strawn & Foulke	2 00	C. H. Dunn	2 00
Miss O. Henry	2 00	J. W. Wright	4 00
October 1.			
A. B. Lamb	23 00	C. Adkins	2 00
J. B. Cross	1 50	B. M. Felch	2 00
W. A. Pierce, agt	30 00	K. Knight	1 00
J. Roberts	2 00	J. A. Gallagher	2 00
J. C. Clark	2 00	J. C. Stouch	2 00
L. J. Cooley	10 00	D. W. Stone	2 00
H. E. Weaver	2 00	J. L. West	2 00
October 2.			
S. Sullman	2 00	W. Taylor	2 00
J. H. Ashton	2 00	G. H. Holt	3 00
C. Adams	5 00	W. C. Ely	2 00
E. Rambo	2 00	R. H. Gratz	2 00
John Hall	2 00	A. Caldwell	2 00
Capt. W. H. Denman	2 00	J. Worth	2 00
Mary Sivster	2 00	Dr. R. Gregg	2 00
J. Drummond	2 00	J. Barnes	1 50
J. L. L. Foster	5 00	J. Griffith	3 00
Miss E. Waddy	2 00	Col. J. Pope	2 00
Dr. W. H. Mowbray	2 00	W. Glasgow	1 00
W. D. Partlorr	2 00		
October 3.			
J. J. S. Hassler	3 00	G. W. Wells	2 00
T. J. Shepard	2 00	J. Hall	2 00
N. A. Slaymaker	2 00	J. Singmaster	2 00
W. Crossley	2 00	W. Millen	2 00
J. John	2 00	Mrs. R. Poulke	2 00
J. Oster	2 00	D. W. Brooke	2 00
F. P. Cone	2 50	E. R. Sailer	5 00
L. Bradley	1 00	W. P. Wagner	2 00
A. W. Carpenter	2 00	H. J. Staley	2 00
October 4.			
J. Robbins	2 00	W. H. Scott	2 00
G. Schober	2 00	J. Hathaway	4 00
L. Uber	2 00	S. Chamberlin	2 00
I. Goldy	2 00	D. Kellogg	7 00
J. Weidle	2 00	W. Dorrance	2 00
J. Pierce, agt.	50 00	C. B. Huston	2 00
D. Whistlaw	5 00	A. Chambers	8 00
W. W. Whitton	10 00	P. Chambers	1 00
M. Black	2 00		
October 5.			
R. H. Evans	2 00	J. Groh	2 00
E. Robbins	2 00	J. N. Lukens	2 00
G. W. Reeves	12 00	Dr. M. Otley	4 00
M. Tanner	10 00	J. Rambo	2 00
P. F. Laborde	2 00	G. [illegible]	2 00
F. D. Parmele	2 00	T. Sweak	2 00
W. Silsby	2 00	D. Forbes	1 25
October 7.			
J. Havenstrite	6 00	W. Lasley	1 00
D. R. Paxson	1 00	F. B. Bristol	1 00
L. A. Barnett	2 00	B. Heard	2 00
J. S. Wilson	4 00	G. W. Smith	2 00
G. B. Grimes	2 00	L. M. Johnson	2 00
W. S. McEwen	10 00	J. Cunningham	5 00
J. Black	1 00	G. M. Parker	3 00
J. P. Hoopes	2 00	T. T. Bolling	2 00
D. Knauer	2 00		

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE U. STATES SATURDAY POST

BY E. W. CLARK & CO., BROKERS,

No. 25 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, October 12th, 1844.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks,	par
Man. and Mec. bank,	par
Moyamensing bank,	par
Penn Township bank,	par
U. S. Bank notes,	26 dis
Girard do.	1 dis
Pennsyl'a do.	par
Germantown,	par
Del. Co. at Chester,	par
Chester Co., W. Chester,	par
Montgomery county,	par
Farmers' bk., Bucks co.	par
Farmers' bk., Reading,	½ dis
Easton,	par
Northampton,	no sale
Lancaster Co. bk	par
Lancaster bank,	par
Far. bk., Lancaster,	par
Lebanon,	½ dis
Harrisburg,	½a1 dis
Middleton,	½a1 dis
Carlisle,	½a1 dis
Columbia Bridge,	par
Northumberland,	par
Miners' bk, Potts.	½a1 dis
Wy'g bk, Wilkesb'e,	1½ dis
Pitts. demand notes,	½ dis
" Certificates,	½ dis
" Post notes,	½ dis
Towanda,	90 dis
York,	½a1 dis
Gettysburg,	½a1 dis
Chambersburg,	½a1 dis
Wayneeb'g p. notes,	2 dis
" Demand notes,	2 dis
Brownsville p. notes,	1½ dis
" Demand notes,	1½ dis
Erie,	2 dis
Berks county bank,	60 dis
Honesdale,	1½ dis
Bk. Susquehanna co.	35 dis
Lewistown,	1½ dis
Lum. bk. Warren,	no sale
West Branch bank,	1½ dis
Dom. Cred. Script,	5 dis
Lehigh Nav. Script,	30
NEW YORK.	
New York City,	½ dis
Tenth Ward bank,	—
Globe bank,	fraud
North River Bank'g Co.	do
City Trust & Bank'g Co.	—
Wool Growers' bank,	25 dis
Millers' bk of Clyde,	15 do
Far. bk, Seneca co.	50 do
Com. bk, New York,	2 do
Lafayette bank,	2 do
N. Y. Bkg. Co.	60 do
Dry Dock bank,	1 do
N. Am. Trust Co.	2 do
Bank Buffalo,	— do
Lewis Co.	1 do
Com. bk, Buffalo,	55 do
All solvent banks,	½a1
Country banks,	½ dis
Except bk of Columbia, Green Co. Hudson, Middleton Districts, Plattsburg, Niagara, Wash. and Warren Wash. Man. Co.	Broken
Wayne county bank,	
Mer. and Planters',	
Del. county bank,	fraud
Ex. bk, Po'keepsie,	do
Portsdam Manl. Co.	do
Red Backs,	½ dis
Post Notes on the various N. York banks *no value.*	
NEW JERSEY.	
Mechanics' and Manufacturers' bk, Trenton,	par
Princeton bank,	par
State bk at Camden,	par
Cumberland bank,	par
Mount Holly,	par
Salem Banking Co.	par
Monmouth bank,	no sale
N. Hope Del. Bridge,	½ dis
Tren. Banking Co. old,	par
All other banks,	par
Far. and Mec. bank of N. Brunswick,	no sale
Hob. Bkg. & G. Co.	broke
Washington Bkg. Co.	do
Franklin bank,	do
Jersey City bank,	do
Monmouth,	do
N. J. Manufac. Co.	do
Protec. and Lombard,	do
State bank at Trenton	do
Bank of N. Brunswick	do
Mec. bk. Paterson,	do
Under $5s,	½ dis
Exchange on New York,	
" Boston,	
" Baltimore,	
Specie,	
Country Relief Notes,	
MAINE.	
Calais bank,	10 a —
Agricultural bank,	do
City bk, Portland,	do
Damariscotta,	do
Mercantile bank,	do
Stillwater Canal bk,	do
Bangor Com. bank,	do
Westbrook bank,	do
Citizens' bank,	do
Globe bank,	do
Washington co.	do
Frankford bank,	do
All solvent banks,	½
VERMONT.	
Bank of St. Albans,	1½
Bk of Bennington,	90 dis
All solvent banks,	½
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks,	½
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks,	½
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks,	par
Patapsco bank,	par
Mineral bank,	1 dis
Frederickton,	½ dis
Hagerstown,	½ dis
Farmers' and Millers', Hagerstown,	no sale
Westminster,	½ dis
Williamsport,	½ dis
Cumberland,	1½ dis
Salisbury,	2 dis
Franklin bank,	5 dis
Susquehanna,	broke
Millington,	broke
Fred. County, bank,	½ dis
Broken bks, various	prices
Baltimore and Ohio R. R. notes,	par
DELAWARE.	
Bank of Delaware,	par
Wilmington and Bran.	par
Farmers' bk, Del.	par
Union bank,	par
Bank of Smyrna,	par
Under $5s,	½ dis
DIS. OF COLUMBIA.	
Washington City,	½ dis
Georgetown,	½ dis
Far. and Mechanics'	½ dis
Alexandria,	½ dis
Bank of Alexandria,	broke
Mechanics' bank,	broke
Franklin bank,	no sale
Mechanics' bank,	do
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va. & branches,	1 dis
Farmers' bk & bran's,	1 dis
Valley bk and branch,	1 dis
Ex. bk, and branches,	½ dis
Wheeling,	1½ dis
Wheeling post notes,	1½ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks,	1½
Small notes,	2
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks,	1½
Small notes,	2
GEORGIA.	
Bank of St. Mary's,	2
Ocmulgee,	—
Monroe R. R.	—
Columbus,	—
Phœnix bank,	failed
Exchange bank,	—
Chat. R. R. bank,	—
Central bk of Mill	—
Georgia R. R. Co.	—
Rucker Bkg. Co.	—
All solvent banks,	2a3
ALABAMA.	
All solvent banks,	6½a7 dis
Small notes,	11a12 dis
OHIO.	
Cincinnati,	2 dis
Solvent bank notes,	3 dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois,	40 dis
State bank,	35 dis
KENTUCKY.	
Notes,	1½ dis
Small notes,	2½ dis
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks,	1½ dis
MISSOURI.	
All solvent banks,	1½ dis
INDIANA.	
All solvent banks,	2 dis
FLORIDA.	
Southern Life and Transportation Co.	—
CANADA.	
Montreal,	½ dis a ½ prm.
"	" "
	½ dis
	par
	1a1½ dis

ALMANAC.

October, 1844.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER.	MOON'S PHASES.
12 SATURDAY,	6 26	5 34	2 28	
13 SUNDAY,	6 27	5 33	3 21	D. H. M.
14 MONDAY,	6 28	5 32	4 22	
15 TUESDAY,	6 29	5 31	5 22	
16 WEDNESDAY,	6 31	5 30	6 23	Last 4 11 40
17 THURSDAY,	6 32	5 28	7 22	New 11 6 28
18 FRIDAY,	6 33	5 27	8 17	First 18 10 30
19 SATURDAY,	6 35	5 25	9 8	Full 26 12 20

Married,

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. Robert Adair, Rev. ALEXANDER PORTER, of Philadelphia, to Miss HARRIET N. daughter of the late Mr. John Moore, of Cedarville, N. Jersey.

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. Wm. Urie, Mr. FREDERICK BOLNY, Jr., to Miss RUTH H. COMPTON.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. Chas. C. Burr, Mr. J. J. REDGRAVE, of Baltimore, to Miss EMMA C. eldest daughter of John W. Tyson, of Reading, Pa.

On the 1st inst. by Ald. George Erety, ABAM DRAKE, to HANNAH LUKENS, both of Towamensing Township, Montgomery county.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. Doctor Parker, GEORGE EARLE, to ELIZA JANE, daughter of the late Lewis Lipman, Esq.

On the 3d inst. by the Hon. J. M. Scott, Mayor, DANIEL STUBBS, Jr., to RACHEL ANN KIRK, both of Chester county.

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. C. J. H. Cutter, AUGUSTUS BEYLLE, to ELLEN, second daughter of the late C. F. Roberts.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Wm. H. Odenheimer, HENRY MCCALL, Jr., to Miss CHARLOTTE MANIGAULT, daughter of the late Samuel Wilcocks, Esq.

On the 17th ult. by the Rev. H. W. Hunt, Dr. L. C. OSMUN, of Warren county, N. J., to Miss RACHAEL V. daughter of the late Col. Lare, of Hunterdon county, N. J.

On the 3d inst. at Norristown, Montgomery county, Pa. in the presence of Samuel Aaron, Minister of the Gospel, WILLIAM RAMSAY, to WILHELMINA GOBLARD.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. J. Y. Ashton, Mr. SAML. B. JUSTICE, to Miss AMANDA HUGHES, all of this city.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. G. S. Webb, W. P. WIDDOWS, to Miss ANN BALLINGER, all of this city.

In Delaware county, on the 16th of July, by the Rev. W. L. McCalla, Mr. W. R. KNOWLES, to Miss FLORIDE E. PATRANT, of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. G. B. Ide, THOMAS M. OWEN, to Miss ELIZABETH D. KIMSEY, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Joseph Castle, EVAN HIBBS, to EMMA, daughter of the late Thomas Evans.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. Edward Covel, ROBERT H. TUMBLETON, of Exeter, Eng. to Mrs. LOUISA JONES, of Philadelphia.

On the 1st inst. by the same, WM. R. FORRESTER, of N. J. to Miss ELLEN M. DODGE, of this city.

Died,

On the 6th inst. Mrs. MARY YOUNG, aged 67 years.

On the 8th inst. Mrs. HANNAH ROGERS, aged 78 years.

On the 8th instant, JOHN D. infant son of John D. and Keziah Young.

On the 7th inst. STEPHEN SIMMONS.

On the 7th instant, JESSE, infant son of James W. and Eliza Martin.

On the 9th ult. Dr. WM. GEBHAN, aged 35 years, after a short and severe illness.

On the 5th instant, of consumption, Mrs. CYNTHIA C. HILL.

On the 6th inst. ALICE O. WARNER, daughter of Thos. and Ann Helm, aged 4 years.

On the 3d inst. Mrs. CATHARINE FAUVER, 100 years of age.

On the 3d inst. MARTIN NUNNEMAKER, aged 69 years.

On the 6th inst. Mrs. SARAH JAMES, aged 76 years.

On the 5th inst. BENJAMIN HINCHMAN, aged 56 years.

On the 6th inst. Mr. HENRY WELBANK, Printer, in the 51st year of his age.

On the 9th inst. Mrs. ANN FISHER, in the 49th year of her age.

On the 8th instant, Mr. JOSEPH WAREHAM, aged 70 years.

On the 8th inst. PENROSE TAYLOR, aged 28 years.

On the 9th instant, OWEN JOHN, son of John and Jane Gwilliam, aged 9 years and 3 months.

At St. George's, Del. on the 8th inst. of typhus fever, JAMES F. TAYLOR, formerly a citizen of Philadelphia.

At Glassboro', N. J. on the 11th ult. of bilious fever, WILLIAM ANGELO, aged 58 years; on the 19th, MARY, wife of Wm. Angelo, aged 55 years; on the 21st, BENJAMIN, aged 26 years, and on the 28th, WALTER, aged 14 years, sons of Wm. and Mary Angelo.

At Fairhaven, on the 27th ult. Hon. ALDEN SPOONER, in his 90th year, for several years a member of the Senate of Massachusetts.

On the 3d inst. in the 3d year of his age, JOSEPH, infant son of Elijah and Susan H. Mount.

Suddenly, on the 1st inst. JONATHAN CROLBEY, aged 44 years.

BETHEL UNION.

THE REV. THOMAS HOGE, OF THE PRESbyterian Church, will preach Sabbath afternoon in the Bethel Union, situated on Front street opposite Union street. As this humble place to worship the Lord in, has been fitted up for the spiritual welfare of seamen—without any reference to any particular branch of the Church of Christ, it is hoped the pious and good will lend their aid in sustaining this benevolent enterprise.

THOMAS PORTER.

Seamens' Missionary, No. 167 Queen street.

A collection will be taken up.

FALL FASHIONS.

THE SUBSCRIBER HAVING JUST FINISHED mailing his WORK and FASHION PLATES, the demand for which has been so great, that he has been obliged to have a second edition published, those who may be desirous of obtaining the SYSTEM OF CUTTING and FASHION PLATES can have an opportunity of procuring them upon application. The WORK contains drafts for dress and frock coats, fashionable dress, French gaiter and plaited pantaloons, vests, gentleman's riding coat, paletot and Greek sack; and the draft of a coat I made for the Hon. HENRY CLAY. The FASHION PLATE contains 17 figures of the various fashions worn by gentlemen, including correct likenesses of the Hon. HENRY CLAY and [illegible] POLK, which have [illegible]

TERMS.—The *System of Cutting* $5,00, and *Fashion Plates* $3,00 per annum, making $8,00 for both. The *Fashion Plates* with explanations and large pattern sheet, got up expressly for those who do not take the system, at $4,00 per annum, or $2,00 for a single copy, invariably in advance.

☞ The above system is warranted to contain more practical information than any other ever published in this country.

Double inch measures, and Tailors marking crayons of a superior quality, Holly Protractors, Scale holders and Water proof Scales, wholesale and retail.

F. MAHAN,

oct 12-3t* No. 211 Chesnut street.

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA

FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM.

IF WE READ THE HISTORY OF DISORDERS WE are astonished that men live; if of CURES, we are still more astonished that they die. And yet in fact nearly all diseases have a common origin, viz:—in the organs which prepare and modify the blood, with a remedy, directed to the seat of disease, will remove a host of its phenomena. It is the peculiar characteristic of Sands' Sarsaparilla, that its searching operation reaches the CAUSES of disease, and the cures it performs are therefore radical and thorough. The health of the human system depends almost entirely upon the state of the blood. If the vitalizing fluid which pervades every tissue, every membrane, fibre, filament, gland, or other organ primary or subsidary, if the body be charged with the elements of disease, sickness must be the consequence, and until the CAUSES of disease existing in the blood, are eradicated, no permanent relief can be expected. It is here that the powerful health-restoring properties of Sands' Sarsaparilla are manifested; and for this reason, in Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and all eruptive diseases, as well as in all derangements of the secreting organs, it is considered infallible.

The following interesting case is presented, and the reader invited to its careful perusal. Comment on such evidence is unnecessary.

NEW YORK, July 25, 1844.

MESSRS. SANDS:—Gents—I consider it but an act of justice to you to state the following facts in reference to the great benefit I have received in the cure of an obstinate CANCEROUS ULCER on my breast.

I was attended eighteen months by a regular and skilful physician, assisted by the advice and counsel of one of our most able and experienced surgeons, without the least benefit whatever. All the various methods of treating cancer were resorted to; for five weeks in succession my breast was burned with caustic three times a day, and for six it was daily syringed with a weak solution of nitric acid, and the cavity or internal ulcer was so large that it held over an ounce of the solution. The doctor probed the ulcer and examined the bone, and said the disease was advancing rapidly to the lungs, and if I did not get speedy relief by medicine or an operation, the result would be fatal. I was advised to have the breast laid open and the bones examined, but finding no relief from what had been done, and feeling I was rapidly getting worse, I almost despaired of recovery, considered my case nearly hopeless.

Seeing various testimonials and certificates of cures by the use of "SANDS' SARSAPARILLA," in cases similar to my own, I concluded to try a few bottles, several of which were used, but from the long deep seated character of my disease, produced no very decided change; considering this as the only probable cure for my case, I persevered, until the disease was entirely cured. It is now over 11 months since the cure was completed; there is not the slightest appearance of a return. I, *therefore, pronounce myself* WELL, and the cure *entirely effected by* "SANDS' SARSAPARILLA," *as I took no other medicine of any kind during the time I was using it, nor have I taken any since.* Please excuse this long deferred acknowledgment, which I think it my duty to make. Your valuable Sarsaparilla cured me, with the blessing of Divine Providence, when nothing else could, and I feel myself under lasting obligations to you. I can say many things I cannot write, and I do most respectfully invite ladies inflicted as I have been to call upon me and I will satisfy them fully of the truth as stated above, and many other things in reference to the case. NANCY J. MILLER, 218 Sullivan st.

The following letter from one of the most eminent physicians in the city of Baltimore, is presented with a view of showing the opinions of physicians generally in relation to this valuable medicine,—many others of a similar tenor have been received from several of the most distinguished physicians throughout our country.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 4th, 1843.

A. B. & D. SANDS.—Gentlemen—I have used your Extract of Sarsaparilla since its introduction into this city. It gives me pleasure to state I have found it to answer my most sanguine expectations. I believe it to be the best preparation of that valuable article now in use.

With much respect, yours,

JOHN WHITRIDGE, M. D., 46 Gay st.

For further particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained of agents gratis. (oct 12-eow3m

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists and Chemists, 79 Fulton St., N. York; S. P. Thomson, corner of 5th and Spruce sts., and Dr. D. Jayne, 20 South 3d, agents in Philadelphia; Dr. J. A. Reed, agent in Baltimore; A. Duval & Co., Richmond, Va.; and Anderson, Petersburg; Williams & Haywood, Raleigh, N. C.; J. B. Wilder & Co., Louisville, Ky.; Sickels & Co., New Orleans; G. W. Thomas, Cincin.

Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States. Price $1 per bottle, six bottles for $5.

☞ The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sands' Sarsaparilla that has and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject; therefore ask for Sands' Sarsaparilla, and take no other.

BOOTS AND SHOES BY THE PACKAGE,

CHEAP FOR CASH.

THE SUBSCRIBER IS PREPARED TO SELL good quality BOOTS, SHOES and BROGANS of every description, as low as they can be bought of the manufacturers.

Purchasers are requested to examine the market, and then call at No. 69 Chesnut below Third street, Philada.

jan 6-1y* THOMAS L. EVANS.

CHEAP LEATHER STORE, NO. 67 CHESNUT Street, between SECOND and THIRD Sts., Philadelphia. The subscriber has constantly on hand a general assortment of FINISHED LEATHERS, suitable for BOOT and SHOE MAKERS, SADDLERS, HARNESS and COACH MAKERS, BOOK BINDERS, HATTERS, &c.

Also, RED and OAK TAN SOLE LEATHER and FRENCH CALF SKINS.

feb 10-1y* ANDREW R. CHAMBERS.

THE FIRESIDE FRIEND.

With the honest confidence and familiarity of an old and tried friend, jealous of no competitor, and satisfied of its ability to stand on equal terms with any, and superior to most, published or projected,—the

UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

offers the congratulations of the season, as the months emphatically called the reading period approach; and presents, for the information of its friends, and in pursuance of custom, the following

GENERAL PROGRAMME.

Foremost among the duties of a newspaper editor, it is to furnish

A MAP OF BUSY LIFE,

ITS FLUCTUATIONS, AND ITS VAST CONCERNS.

In the performance of this duty the surveyors of the Post will take most especial care in laying out those pleasant places, and tranquil seas, in which the reader will find amusement and improvement. The Quicksands of Vice and the Dangers of Crime will be marked by the necessary and significant beacons, but in no case will the vocation of the conductors be so abused as to render crime interesting by studied description, or to lessen the horrors of misdoing by too minute particulars—producing that familiarity in the minds of the young, which degrades newspapers, with professed good intentions, to the round of mere panders for crime. As

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

It will be particular on proper themes, brief on others of which unpleasant truth requires the record, and comprehensive on all—performing the partisan work of

NO SECT OF RELIGION,—NO PARTY IN POLITICS.

But striving to render equal and exact justice to all men. During the coming contest, the

ELECTION RETURNS

will be published full and minute, with every pains to be correct, and certainly with as much claim to be trusted as any party paper. Our central position gives us in this respect advantages which no other point in the country possesses to so great an extent as is enjoyed by the

PHILADELPHIA PRESS.

In the Literary Department the same pains heretofore taken will be continued to make the Post in all important respects as good as

THE BEST FAMILY MAGAZINE,

and in some points, better than the best of the Monthlies. IN READING MATTER, more than twice as much is given, for less money; The POSTAGE is a great deal less—the issue is more than four times as frequent as the monthlies; the literary matter embraces articles from all living writers, American and Foreign; and extracts also from the literary legacies of the great dead, as well as from current literature. In a word, the Post is a

NEWSPAPER AND MAGAZINE COMBINED;

containing reading matter interesting to every member of the household. From the silver haired octogenarian, down to the very child, all unite in the declaration—

WE CAN'T GET ALONG WITHOUT IT!

Among the literary features of the new volume, in preparation, will be—

A NAUTICAL ROMANCE,

Founded on an incident in AMERICAN HISTORY, and written for the Post, by a well known contributor to its columns, the author of

"PAUL JONES," "MARION'S MEN," &c.

Another Novellette on hand, will be devoted to the elucidation of events, and the preservation of incidents and manners, both of THE FIRESIDE and the BATTLE FIELD, in the days of the Revolution. It will be

AN AMERICAN REVOLUTIONARY ROMANCE,

which the publishers feel confident the readers will find worthy of the paper which has always hitherto published

THE BEST AMERICAN ORIGINAL TALES,

those in pamphlet, magazine form NOT EXCEPTED. Another feature which the publishers think they have superior facilities for producing, will be

ORIGINAL DOMESTIC SKETCHES.

Illustrative of the virtues of real life, and offering a healthy contrast to the

HIGH WROUGHT SCENES OF ROMANCE,

in prose and verse, which will also be occasionally published to gratify the taste of those whose thoughts that way incline. The desultory reader will find in the

PACKINGS OF ODD CORNERS,

reading to his mind, and the matter of fact reader will continue to be served with

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND STATISTICS.

In one word, our motto is EXCELSIOR. Among the oldest papers on the continent, and possessed of all the advantages which long accumulated facilities afford, the conductors blend with those peculiar advantages, (not to be acquired in a day,) all the improvements which each successive year presents to their notice; and all the changes for the better, which occur to [illegible] on doing well by a reading public which has always done well for The [illegible] SATURDAY POST.

TERMS.

1 COPY,	$2,00	PER ANNUM.
3 COPIES,	$5,00	" "
8 "	$10,00	" "
17 "	$20,00	" "

The money must always be sent in advance, free of postage.

☞ Editors copying the above will be entitled to an exchange.

Address, SAML. D. PATTERSON & Co.

No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS INDEBTED TO THE ESTATE of JOHN LODGE, late of the Township of Kingsessing, deceased, are requested to make payment, and those having claims against said estate will present them for settlement to ABEL LODGE,

THOS. G. LODGE, Executors.

Kingsessing, Sept. 9th, 1844 sep 28-6t

BELLEVUE FEMALE SEMINARY,

BORDENTOWN, N. J.

THE SYSTEM OF INSTRUCTION THAT has been adopted in this Institution is intended to combine with the various branches of a polite and ornamental education such a course of study as shall serve to strengthen and unfold the mind and prepare it for practical usefulness. The subjects which primarily engage the attention are, therefore, such as may be considered the more solid; yet while these branches are thoroughly taught, the higher and more ornamental receive their due share of attention.

TERMS: Board and Tuition per annum, $118 00

Ancient and Modern Languages, each per quarter, 5 00

Music on the Piano, with use of instrument, 12 00

An extra charge will be made for washing and ironing of thirty-seven and a half cents per dozen, and one dollar per quarter for stationary and use of Library and Periodicals. The pupils must furnish their own beds, bedding and towels, or pay five dollars per annum for the use of those provided at the Seminary. Half payment for the session is required in advance.

The Fall and Winter session will commence on Monday, the 21st of October, and continue twenty-two weeks. For further information address the subscriber at Bordentown, N. J. WILLIAM B. GILDER.

REFERENCES:—Rev. W. P. Corbit, Dr. J. H. Cook, *Bordentown*—Saris & Ball, Rev. Dr. Higgins, *Philadelphia*—Rev. Henry Slicer, Rev. Robt. Emory, *Baltimore*—Rev. Lorey, U. Lee—*Richmond*—Rev. W. M. Wightman—*Charleston*—Rev. Bishop Andrew, Rev. Dr. Pierce, *Georgia*—Rev. Dr. Winans, *New Orleans*—Rev. J. B. M'Ferrin, *Nashville*—Rev. Dr. Bascom, *Kentucky*—Rev. Bishop Morris, Rev. Dr. Elliott, *Cincinnati*—Rev. J. Cooke, *Pittsburg*—Rev. Bishop Janes, Rev. Dr. Pitman, *New York*—Rev. Dr. Durbin, Rev. Professor M'Clintock, *Carlisle, Pa.* sep 14-3t

CONSUMPTION! CONSUMPTION!

THOMSON'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF TAR & WOOD NAPHTHA.—Alluding to this powerful remedy, "The Spirit of the Times" says,—"It exceeds by far any medicine we have ever heard of for success in the cure of Consumption—we warmly recommend it to all who are predisposed to that terrible malady. Having used it ourselves we speak from experience and pronounce it an unrivalled remedy in pulmonary diseases and Liver Complaint."

STILL FURTHER PROOF! READ! READ! WONDERFUL CURE OF PULMONARY CONSUMPTION by THOMSON'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF TAR and WOOD NAPHTHA!

PHILADELPHIA, May 3, 1844.

Mr. S. P. Thomson—Dear Sir:—It is not within the power of language to express to you the gratitude I feel for your kindness, but had I ability, the fame of your medicine should be sounded throughout the world for the benefit of suffering humanity in every clime. I do not say too much, and will attested facts bear me out, when I say your COMPOUND SYRUP OF TAR has, through Providence, literally raised me from a death bed!

Last fall I contracted a severe cold, which resulted in violent inflammation of the lungs, which threw me into a rapid decline, with racking cough, spitting of blood, palpitation of the heart and oppression; and at times the circulation seemed suspended, a coldness would come over me, and I felt that powers of life were fast giving way. Nothing I took benefitted me, my appetite having left me, my stomach and bowels being completely deranged, and my physician gave me up, saying I was past help, and must die.

Mr. Vickers, one of the undersigned, called to see me, and kindly brought me a bottle of your medicine, but found me in a dying state; he left the medicine, however, and I so far revived as to swallow, with great difficulty, a teaspoonful, and astonishing indeed were its effects; before taking my first bottle, I threw off from my lungs a large quantity of corrupt matter, which relieved me wonderfully, and enabled my lungs to heal. The disease was completely arrested, and to your invaluable medicine alone I owe my restoration to health. For some time I had charge of the T. A. Society's Reading-Room, and thousands know me, and can bear witness that the foregoing statement is strictly true.

With feelings of lasting gratitude, I am respectfully yours, &c.,

WASHINGTON MACK,

Charlotte street, above George.

WE, the undersigned, being personally acquainted with Washington Mack and his sufferings, bear witness to the astonishing effects of Thomson's Compound Syrup of Tar and Naphtha, and the truth of the above statement.

JOSEPH WINNER, No. 346 North Third street.

DAVID VICKERS, No. 42 Almond street.

HUGH M'GINLEY, S. E. cor. Tamany & 4th sts.

Principal office N. E. corner FIFTH and SPRUCE streets, Philadelphia. Sold by E. Bringhurst, Wilmington, Del.; J. Gish, Lancaster; A. L. Ruhe, Allentown; Stevenson & Dinkle, Carlisle; E. W. Earl, Reading; Moore & Longacre, Norristown; Thomas B. Hewlings, Trenton, N. J.; F. Woolman, Burlington, N. J.; Dr. Wm. C. McPherson, Harrisburg; Jacob Mayer, Chambersburg; John G. Brown, Pottsville; A. B. Sands & Co., New York city; Dame & Aldrich, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Seth W. Roberts, Mobile, Ala.; Roberts & Atkinson, Baltimore.

Price 50 cents per bottle or $5,00 per dozen.

☞ Beware of counterfeits. may 4-6m

THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST may be obtained, weekly, at REDDING & CO'S Periodical Depot, No. 8, STATE STREET, BOSTON, OF GRAHAM & CHRISTY, Number 2, ASTOR HOUSE, NEW YORK.

OF ROBINSON & JONES, NO. 109 MAIN ST. above THIRD ST. CINCINNATI.

J. W. COOK, No. 85 FOURTH St. PITTSBURGH.

OF MILTON BOULEMET, MOBILE, ALABAMA.

From the Magazines.

THE STRUGGLE FOR FAME.

ADVICE TO AN ASPIRANT.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

If thou would'st win a lasting fame;
If thou th' immortal wreath would'st claim,
And make the Future bless thy name;

Begin thy perilous career,
Keep high thy heart, thy conscience clear,
And walk thy way without a fear.

And if thou hast a voice within,
That ever whispers, "Work and win,"
And keeps thy soul from sloth and sin:

If thou canst plan a noble deed,
And never flag till it succeed,
Though in the strife thy heart should bleed:

If thou canst struggle day and night,
And, in the envious world's despite,
Still keep thy cynosure in sight:

If thou canst bear the rich man's scorn;
Nor curse the day that thou wert born,
To feed on chaff, and he on corn:

If thou canst dine upon a crust,
And still hold on with patient trust,
Nor pine that Fortune is unjust:

If thou canst see, with tranquil breast,
The knave or fool in purple dress'd,
While thou must walk in tatter'd vest:

If thou canst rise ere break of day,
And toil and moil till evening gray,
At thankless work, for scanty pay:

If, in thy progress to renown,
Thou canst endure the scoff and frown
Of those who strive to pull thee down:

If thou canst bear th' averted face,
The gibe, or treacherous embrace,
Of those who run the self-same race:

If thou in darkest days canst find
An inner brightness in thy mind,
To reconcile thee to thy kind:—

Whatever obstacles control,
Thine hour will come—go on—true soul!
Thou'lt win the prize, thou'lt reach the goal!

If not—what matters? tried by fire,
And purified from low desire,
Thy spirit shall but soar the higher.

Content and hope thy heart shall buoy,
And men's neglect shall ne'er destroy
Thy secret peace, thy inward joy.

But if so bent on worldly fame,
That thou must gild thy living name,
And snatch the honors of the game;

And hast not strength to watch and pray,
To seize thy time and force thy way,
By some new combat every day:

If failure might thy soul oppress,
And fill thy veins with heaviness,
And make thee love thy kind the less:

Thy fame might rivalry forestall,
And thou let tears or sorrow fall,
Or turn thy wholesome blood to gall;

Pause ere thou tempt the hard career,
Thou'lt find the conflict too severe,
And heart will break and brain will sear.

Content thee with a meaner lot;
Go plough thy field, go build thy cot,
Nor sigh that thou must be forgot.

Our Essayist.

THE MENAGERIE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

CAGE NUMBER SEVEN.

THE DISSEMBLER—OR PANTHER.

> "A serpent heart, hid with a flowering face,
> A wretch whom nature is ashamed,
> Almost, to acknowledge her's."

The Dissembler ever keeps from view his true purpose, his object runs under the surface as through a conduit, and not until we turn the faucet of his real intentions, can we define his aims. Mankind are likely to be deceived by those who are "gilded loam," and it is exceedingly difficult to distinguish the true fabric of mortality—so smooth is this horrid rebel of nature. The picture we admire, but the rough canvass is a villainous contrast.

Our eyes may be termed the windows of the soul, through which she may behold all that is beautiful in creation—that one sense how infinite in purity ought it to be! 'Tis said by some learned philosophers that the natural disposition of man is to look towards heaven, his destined place. But the dissembler may indeed look towards heaven with his eyes for some evil star to guide him in deception. His thoughts are downwards.

Mortality is dust, man quickened mortality. Dust on a journey to dust again. The dissembler is a painted piece of mortality, whose outward work is the result of his own labors and ingenuity—originated for the express purpose of deceit—a base metal coin with a genuine impress; and he has little conscience in thrusting himself upon the community as does the counterfeiter his spurious money.

The dissembler undermines the best affections—gives you deceit for friendship—a close, detestable nature for an open and guileless—a brazen coin for a golden one. He is one of those wretches who escape unwhipped of justice, while the tattered devil in rags who steals to cover his nakedness, or to save him from starvation, is thrust into a dungeon. What would hang an ordinary rogue, keeps him in wealth and honor. He is as the rank weed in a field of lilies—an ill-savored egg that shows itself sound till broken—an apple with fair outside, and rottenness at the heart.

He is nature, to be sure, but disguised in art like a painted lady who wishes to seem fair. Take his mask off, and you open a charnel house full of uncleanness and impurities. Search his thoughts—plots, plans and traps are developed for the ruin of virtue, blight of character and the destruction of happiness. He is the cruel sportsman shooting the dove at rest—with aim deliberate and sure—the serpent that charms never so wisely—Satan trifling with innocence and spoiling paradise.

The object of his dissembling is not like the opossum for his own security—but as the foe to ensnare his victim. He is your very best friend, ready for actual service—when you require him he is always busy—he would snatch your prayers,—yes, he prays for you.

The grain and corn are very enticing to a green bird, and especially may he expect hospitality in the wiry mansion where he sees a little warbler like himself a host; but when he is fairly in, he too late discovers that he is lost and a prisoner forever. The dissembler is a human trap; his corn and wine, his heart, house and fortune are at your service. You, however, must be rich, to excite his hospitality, and then if you accept of his offers, you are ruined—'tis he who would snatch his brother's bread and leave him crumbless.

With this man you may sometimes be undeceived by some failure in his machinery; if so he appears before you shameless, an object of the most pitiable contempt. He sometimes pleads poverty that he may commit depredations on your house. Lend him your cloak, you must send your coat after him—he smites you on one cheek that you may be a strict observer of Scripture, and turn to him the other. He robs you of all that's personal property, that you may send the title deeds of your real after him with despatch—an inch of favor is all he asks, and having the privilege of measuring, he takes an ell.

Take a good observation of him while he is in his cage, that when you leave the menagerie you may detect his germs any where. Harvest your grass often that he may take to the hedge—the snake often lurks in the high grass; set fire to it and drive him from your fields—let foxes lurk about, they are for the geese—the dissembler is for thee!

CAGE NUMBER EIGHT.

THE KNAVE!—OR WILD CAT.

> "If thou had'st not been born the worst of men,
> Thou had'st been a knave,
> From whom so many weights of baseness, cannot
> A dram of worth be drawn."

Projects of villainy are always on foot; some men are continually on the gaze for an opportunity to make interest at the sacrifice of all virtues. He who trusts a knave will be deceived. He is one of those sly dogs who carries his master's dinner, and being hungry himself devours it and wags his tail; better trust one of these sly dogs than him—let him but get your wealth in his possession and it is as safe from you as though it were in the sea. We can never rightly understand him, he is like a problem in Euclid, simple enough at sight, but costing more hard study in a solution than we at first imagined. He carries simplicity on the surface like a watch, within, wheels, pivots and machinery, which move in intricacy. He works iniquity as a daily labor, and has no other visible means of employment. If he prospers it is the result of well laid schemes. He is apparently entitled to our confidence, being honest ourselves, we do not suspect. He uses artifice to gain an exalted honor, that he may the better carry out his plans. A pirate on the high seas sails under borrowed colors—leading the wisest astray, and is suffered to pass on. A knave is a land pirate, who, under the borrowed colors of honesty, sails through life—trades with, and defrauds you. He allows you to believe he is honest—makes you think so; yet, by a shuffling trick, aided by the law, he will prove himself disgracefully dishonest.

Whatever he gains is gained by artifice and fraud. Let him be satisfied, however just your debt against him is, still he watches for the time to cheat you. The young sparrow never waited with greater anxiety for the worm, than does the knave for the confidence of the unwary.

Make him your bank, you may draw out all your teeth, you will have no further use for them, you are in a wolf trap. His plot is well laid. You sleep in peace, but when morning dawns you awake a dupe to his infamy.

He will not have you lose a farthing, for he tells you so—certainly not, he leaves farthings for small villains and jackdaws. He steals your whole fortune.

Render him service, loan him money, buy his lands, you will be a loser. He knows you to be upright and fair in your dealings, you believe him to be so, and he who having gained your confidence, deceives you, is worse than he, who, on the highway, gives you choice of the surrender of money or life. The highwayman we may be prepared for, and he meets you on even ground. The knave shoots you from the hedge and robs afterwards.

He forgets what a kindness is, and puts it in the light of an injury and revenges himself upon you for doing him good. Character, in another, is to him an aching tooth, which he would wrench out. He is no philosopher, for he cannot bear such a tooth-ache patiently. While contriving against you he praises you continually, for all you do. Your actions are always commendable in his eyes—he approves of all things. He is an universal disease, requiring a universal medicine. The pillory or knout might be effectual in curing the community of this dire complaint if it could be reached.

As an agonizing disease disturbs our slumbers, so does this moral plague infest us, day and night, preventing us from resting by his labors of iniquity.

J. Y. W.

FROM THE GIFT, FOR 1845.

SONG OF THE ANGELS.

FROM GOETHE'S FAUST.

BY F. H. HEDGE.

RAPHAEL.

The Sun in wonted wise is sounding
With brother spheres a rival song,
And, on his destined circuit bounding,
With thunder-step he speeds along.
The sight gives angels strength, though greater
Than angel's utmost thought sublime;
And all thy wondrous works, Creator!
Still bloom as in Creation's prime.

GABRIEL.

And fleetly, thought surpassing, fleetly
The earth's green pomp is spinning round;
Their Paradise alternates sweetly
With night terrific and profound.
Here foams the sea, with broad wave beating
Against the cliff's deep rocky base;
And rock and sea away are fleeting
In never-ending spheral chase.

MICHAEL.

And storms, with rival fury heaving,
From land to sea, from sea to land,
Still as they rave, a chain are weaving
Of link'd efficacy grand.
There burning Desolation blazes,
Precursor of the Thunder's way,
But, Lord! thy servants own with praises,
The gentle movement of thy day.

THE THREE TOGETHER.

The sight gives angels strength, though greater
Than angel's utmost thought sublime;
And all thy wondrous works, Creator!
Still bloom as in Creation's prime.

Tales of Real Life.

ONE NIGHT IN THE LIFE

Of a Man in Business.

FROM HOOD'S MAGAZINE.

One evening as I sat in my chamber, looking over some papers of a process prior to sitting down to a regular study of the same, a messenger was announced who had come to the town post-haste from a considerable distance. On his entrance, I recognized him as a servant of Mr. F———, an eminent Guiana merchant, whose country-house was about ten miles distant.

This gentleman had been for some time ailing; and so serious was the disorder, that during about six weeks I had been three times called to draw out forms of his last will and testament, in the expectation of his immediate demise. Nevertheless, he had still lingered on; and so heavily did the division and disposal of his vast property among his family and connexions press upon his mind, that now for the fourth time I was called to reconstruct a deed of settlement.

The messenger, who had come on horseback, immediately on making his communication withdrew; and hastily packing up some blank sheets of stamped paper and parchment, I prepared to follow with all convenient despatch. Whilst I was about this my horse and gig were brought from the livery-stable where they were kept, and shortly stood all ready at the door. My horse was a very fine one, (for I was a young man then,) and I was very proud of him; he had not been out for two days, and was now quite spirited and alert. Wrapped up to the throat in one or two top-coats and a cloak, I took my seat, and drove rapidly through the town and out along the road.

It was about eight in the evening, and I had a ten-miles' drive before me; very dark, very still, and very cold. I don't think I passed two persons after I left the bright lights of the town behind me; all was solitude, gloom, and cheerlessness, without the small orbit of light my lamps supplied. Nevertheless, we rattled along quite briskly, "Client," my excellent nag, getting over the ground at a beautiful rate. I was perfectly well acquainted with the road; knew it almost as well as the passages of my own writing-chambers; and being thus quite at ease with regard to turnpike-gates, towns, heights, hollows, and bridges, I began to reflect on various subject, and finally, upon the history of the gentleman to whose house I was proceeding on my very peculiar errand.

He began life as a pedlar. His father had been a tradesman of the poorest sort; his mother a washerwoman; and once, in a fit of remorse, after a long period of continual intoxication, the former having terminated his existence by a leap from the window of the garret where he dwelt, and the latter having been left with two boys unprovided for, a subscription was set a-going by certain charitable persons for their relief. Oh, well do I remember my old gray-headed father telling me the tale, and showing me the lofty loophole of a window in one of the dirty narrow streets of the suburbs whence the frenzied drunkard took his last leap; and he would tell me, too, as haply the gorgeous carriage of the moneyed merchant rolled past, how he himself had put a shilling to that subscription which formed the nucleus, round which arose this mighty accumulation of wealth and influence; for this scanty collection, divided equally among the two brothers, had been to each the acorn from which a vast tree of prosperity took root. One had gone abroad, and, dying, his children were now chiefs and law-makers in the land of his adoption; the other sought a living as I have mentioned, and, though progressively, yet speedily, by honesty, industry, and great talent—nay, let me call it genius—so far raised himself as not only to have filled the highest municipal office in his native town, but to have also represented it with credit both to it and to himself in two several parliaments.

A servant was at his door, to whose care I committed "Client" and the gig, and, divesting myself of my outer gear in the hall, I hurried up stairs to the bed-room where I knew the dying merchant lay.

On my tapping at the door, an attendant appeared, who hastily showed me in an adjoining dressing-room to wait while he informed the doctor of my arrival, who should, in the way he thought proper, communicate the information to his patient.

As I looked about me, in this chamber, I could not but be struck with the richness and luxuriousness of everything in it. I had been thrust, in the hurry and confusion, into the dressing-room of the lady of the house, it was evident; and as, being a bachelor, the thing was somewhat new to me, I was, for a little time, lost in admiration of the various costly and beautiful articles of furniture, of apparel, and of the toilet, that everywhere met my gaze.

But, as I stood, a door in a passage, different from that by which I had entered, appeared to fall slightly open, and, on directing my attention to that quarter, I could distinctly hear voices and other sounds, proceeding, apparently, from the sick room. There was a sound of footfalls, now and then treading stealthily about the carpet, a noise of sobbing and subdued wailing of women, over which rose a clear and impressive, though low-pitched, voice, apparently reading prayers. Frequently, too, I could hear a thick, stifling cough, which appeared to afford no relief from the irritation that caused it, but to come to a termination through the sufferer's inability from very weakness to continue it. Presently I heard a voice, which, though woefully changed, even since I last heard it, I recognised as Mr. F———'s.

"Stay, Mr. Etherbridge," it said, apparently to the person reading; "the men that made these prayers, may have been very talented and very pious, yet, methinks, it would have a better effect on my mind, if you would kneel beside me, and pray, with me, and for me, out of the overflowing ideas of your own heart, produced by the view of one of your fellow-men in my awful position."

Thereupon the clergyman, whose voice I now remembered, complying with his request, poured forth a flow of unstudied but impassioned prayer, the fervent "amens" to which of the poor sinking man, evinced its effect upon his spirit. Ere he had concluded, some one drew the door close, and all was silence, save the gush of a tiny escape of water in a bath-room, somewhere along the passage.

In a minute, the doctor came into the room to me. I knew him also.

"Ah, doctor," said I, "how is he—going from us at last, eh?"

"Yes, poor man, he is sinking fast: he has not twenty minutes! 'Tis a beautiful case; certain valves of the heart must be completely obliterated; the second sound is not audible; but you don't understand these things, probably. But come in, he has asked for you repeatedly."

On entering the room, and rounding a screen that concealed the door, a most striking tableau was presented to me—it was the death-bed of wealth.

Buried in the white cushions of a bed of down, lay the shrunken and pallid figure of the dying merchant, his face wearing that peculiar expression which betokens that the great change is at hand, and for which, I believe, the doctors have a peculiar name. Close by his head, stood his wife weeping. He had married her somewhat late in life, and the match was one of convenience on both sides; for she was the daughter of a general in the army, whose large family—his pay both as a general and as colonel of a regiment, and, also, as governor of some castle in Scotland that had been for two centuries a ruin, and as comptroller-general of something he neither knew nor inquired anything about—but barely sufficed to supply with necessaries becoming the rank he had to support. The suitor was enormously rich, and an M. P.; she, exceedingly poor, and a general's daughter: so without much trouble in wooing, the matter was arranged between the male parties. She was a large and very beautiful woman, and the expression of ignorant pride, which was habitual to her, had not deserted her features even at the death-bed of her husband. Yes, even amid her tears, she looked up at me with a countenance that plainly said, "I am better than thou!"

"It may be so, my good woman," I could not help thinking, or rather, saying internally; "but I have other things to think about just now."

A little behind her, with his handkerchief to his face, stood her eldest son, the pride of her heart. I knew him well; his education, from his earliest years, had been conducted on the "away from home" principle, and its result was, that he was now the most eminent youth at a fashionable public school—not for learning, for that is vulgar, but dissipation. He had been so long from home as to have forgotten all about his father, and to know him only as the "old governor"—one on whom to draw for money, and from whose knowledge to keep his young vices; for, though barely eighteen, he could play the gourmand, drink, sport, drive tandem, game, and practise other little, expensive follies; nay, he had already even had the honor of being pigeoned by a sparrowhawk "leg," who had no means of getting his bread but by preying on boys, and into whose pockets a few hundreds of the "governor's" hard-earned money had been transferred by the magic of *ecarté*. It would require more benevolence than I was ever possessed of, to fancy into grief the exultation evident in this youngster's countenance, at the awful event that was pending. It seemed to me that his heart, thus early seared by continual contact with the vicious, was busy imagining future scenes of uncontrolled indulgence, of money in unlimited supply; but three short years were to intervene, ere he would be without restraint, and be enabled to cut his present miserable associate, and have the distinction of suffering from titled sharpers and rascals of eminence; and of paying court to London actresses and figurantes, and not squalid provincial hacks.

How different was the mourning of his sister, a slight, fair creature of about fourteen, who knelt by the bedside, clasping her dying father's hand, with her weeping face, and it hidden by the fair hair that fell dishevelled about, in the extremity of her grief. She had always been his favorite; and it was her bitter sobbing that had reached my ears on my first entrance, as I stood in the dressing-room.

How different, too, was the look of the younger son, a pretty boy of seven years old, whose dear papa was going from him forever: that dear papa who used to walk and play with him about the grounds, and fly his kite for him in the park, and who never came from the town but with a toy or some such thing in his pocket. But there was deep dread and awe mingled with this child's sorrow; for his young heart understood not yet what was meant by the word "death" and he stood weeping, and hiding himself among the deep folds of the massive bed-curtains.

The doctor going close to the bed, and taking his patient's wrist, after a moment whispered something to him. He languidly turned his head, and looked toward me with an expression which, though fearfully ghastly, I felt was meant for a smile.

"Ah! Mr. D——," said he, in a scarcely audible voice, "I suppose you see how it is with me?"

And here the tears rose in my eyes in spite of me, although I had always known him in capacity of a man of business, and had never formed part of his private circle. I said something which I have forgotten, and for half a minute or more he appeared to me to wander in his thoughts. At length he said plainly and distinctly—

"I have sent for you about a trifling matter."

"An alteration in your settlement?" said I. "Will you please to state your wishes as succinctly as you can?"

"Oh, no! I believe that is all as it should be, and as much as possible calculated to please all parties" (here he glanced in the direction of his wife and eldest son): "what I want you about is the disposal of my body. Take your paper and write."

A small table was here hastily brought me, and I sat down.

"I desire," he continued, "my body to be buried, not in General ——'s vault, but in the west churchyard of the —— suburb."

Here his wife and son started, and looked astonishment and indignation.

"And that," continued he, summoning up the last spark of that energy that had carried him over many a difficulty during his lifetime of struggle; "and that, upon penalty of forfeiture of all money and property I have bequeathed to my wife, which in such a case I direct to be placed in the hands of the trustees before appointed, of whom you are one, Mr. D——, to be disposed as they shall think fit, for behoof of my boy Edward F——. The grave is in the north-west corner of the churchyard, and is marked by two small round stones, one at the head, marked L. S., with the date 1790; the other at the feet, marked H. S. simply."

As I was busy framing this into law-form and phraseology, Mrs. F—— spoke to me with a tone and manner that was extremely unpleasant.

"You surely do not mean to write that down, Mr. D——! You see he is plainly out of his intellects."

"Pardon me, madam," said I, "I must do as he desires me; the question of his sanity cannot be decided on by me, it is matter for a jury."

"Also that a small leather case, which I will put into your possession, Mr. D——, be enclosed in my coffin, with its contents, and buried with me. Have you done?"

"One moment, my dear sir!"

"Now then, give me a pen, and let me sign it; my strength is failing fast."

He managed to put his name to it; when he had, he shut his eyes, and seemed for a moment utterly exhausted; rallying a little—

"Jane!" said he.

His daughter sprang to her feet, and stood bending over him.

"Kiss my brow, dearest!"

The poor girl complied; a gush of new tears fell over his face and the pillow.

"In the drawer of my dressing glass you will find a bunch of keys; haste and fetch them."

Presently she returned, and put into his hands the keys he spoke of. Slowly he fingered them over, when, marking out two, he directed her to take them off the ring. I did it; for her eyes were so blinded, it was a matter of difficulty to her.

"Now," he resumed, "this is the key of the rosewood scrutoire in my study; open it: in the centre you will see a small recess with a door; this other is the key. Within are two binns full of papers, and two small drawers. The upper one is open, and contains, in a corner, the key of the lower; in the latter you will find an old-fashioned leather pocket-book; bring it quickly, as you love me, Jane."

Shortly the girl returned with what he desired. As he took it into his trembling hands, a glow of pleasure seemed to come into his eyes, and from that moment his mind was lost to all around him. He continued to murmur to himself, as he slowly and gradually opened it; and I could distinctly trace these words, "Oh! Hannah, Hannah! my poor lost Hannah!" Several old time-faded letters, wearing away at the corners and foldings, and with dim faint ink, fell out upon the bed-clothes. One was so worn that it fell asunder, and I could see it was an ancient *Valentine*, and its date was 1783.

He touched and fingered at these papers, in a sort of vague, inane manner, still continuing to murmur to himself: then leaving them alone, he took from another pocket of the book what seemed a small parcel. It opened among his fingers, and there rolled forth over the clothes a most magnificent tress of yellow hair. It appeared to be three or four feet in length, and as thick as the largest of my fingers. Whether from nature or from the way in which it had been packed, it was full of serpentine curls, twists, and wavings; and as it was moved about in the old man's hands, it showed in the light a hundred tints and shadows, from a pale tawny to the richest golden brilliance. It was quite loose and wavy, being only bound together by a thread at the top, close by where it had been cut from the fair temples it had once adorned.

It was cruel to look upon his wife as this happened; but I could not help it; and I saw that the eyes of all in that chamber were directed to her. Amazement, rage, jealousy, and scorn, followed each other rapidly over the mirror of her features, and, overpowered, she sank into a cushioned chair hard by, and, covering her face with her hands, leaned her head against its back. A moment, and a flood of tears streamed through her fingers, and with them all the woman rose in her bosom. Starting up, she flew to his side, and clasping his head in her hands, cried aloud, amid her weeping,

"Dearest, dearest George! have you no word for me—no word now for me, your own Clementine—your wife, the mother of your children?"

But he neither saw her nor heard her; his mind was far away amid other scenes and events that had happened many, many years ere she was born; and he continued to murmur, as he pressed the tress to his lips and bosom,

"Alas, Hannah! could it be that ambition could overcome love even to the grave? Why did you love a fool like me, and love so deeply, Hannah? Fortune, business, the world divided us; but I knew what they are now, and we shall sleep together in the end."

This did he utter, in detached, scarcely audible sentences, while his wife sobbed and wept over him. Presently I thought there was something gasping and unnatural in her breathing; suddenly she stood up, turned round to us, and broke into an appalling fit of hysteric laughter; and, making a sudden grasp apparently at the lock of hair, fell back senseless into our arms.

She was taken away to another room, the doctor going with her. This occurrence diverted my attention for a moment from the dying man. On looking again to him, I found that he had managed to raise the lock to his lips; but appeared not to have strength to remove it again. This set him a coughing, and gradually the coughs became weaker and weaker. I heard a long-drawn sigh; and some one said,

"He is gone."

I will not describe the scene further.

I took the lock of hair and the loose papers and returned them to the pocket-book. It was an old-fashioned thing, of coarse and cheap materials. I sealed it up, and packing it along with the deed that had just been executed, I took my leave, uncared about, amid the confusion; and getting into my gig drove homewards, toward the town. It appeared I had not been detained more than an hour, and in another hour I could be in my chambers, which I was anxious enough to reach, to lay me down and get some sleep, for I felt myself totally unhinged, and incapacitated for any intellectual labor for that night; indeed, just as one feels on returning from seeing a tragic drama well performed. I endeavored, as I drove along, to shape out something like a moral from the events I had just been concerned in, which took somewhat of this form:

"Surely all the happiness in this world consists but in love and friendship; that is, in the indulgence of the affections. Wealth and power, however much they may seem to promise, are useful to the end, solely in so far as they procure, or preserve when procured by other means, these gratifications; and the man who pursues the former for themselves alone, may occasion on his death-bed, like the successful merchant I have just quitted, to look back upon his life as a tissue of profitless folly; a vain leaving behind of the substance to chase the baseless shadow; or a leaving of the apples on the tree to make prize of, and run off with the ladder, whereby they might be reached."

"And again," said I; "it is a most strange spectacle to see the first love of youth, the passion of boyhood, living on through a life of anxiety, amid the cares of a vast business and of an extensive family connexion, and amid the turmoil of political contention, and thus, in the end, coming to be uppermost, and at the last and most striking period of the whole lifetime usurping all the heart, to the quenching or exclusion of every other feeling—even the domestic emotions—those one would think likely to be the strongest at such a moment."

FROM THE GIFT, FOR 1845.

THE NIGHT BLOOMING CERES.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

How coyly thou the golden hours dost number!
Not all their splendor can thy love beguile;
Vainly the morning zephyrs fan the slumber,
And morn's rich glory woos thee for a smile.

For thou dost blossom when cool shadows hover,
And dews are falling through the dusky air;
When with new fervor dreams the happy lover,
And winds grow solemn with the voice of prayer.

While all around thee earth's bright things are sleeping,
Gay lilies fade and droops the crimson rose,
Fresh is the vigil thou alone art keeping,
And sweet the charms the virgin leaves disclose.

Thus in the soul is deep love ever hidden,
Thus noble minds will fondly shun the throng,
And at their chosen time start forth unbidden,
With peerless valor, or undying song.

Thus the true heart its mystic leaves concealing,
Folds them serenely from the world's broad glare,
Its treasured bliss and inmost grief revealing
To the calm starlight, and the dewy air.

Blest is thy lesson, vestal of the flowers,—
Not in the sunshine is our whole delight;
Some joys bloom only in life's pensive hours,
And pour their fragrance in the breeze of night.

Our Scrap Book.

ANECDOTE OF JOHN WESLEY.—In the course of a voyage to America, Wesley hearing an unusual noise in the cabin by General Oglethorpe, (the Governor of Georgia, with whom he sailed,) stepped in to inquire the cause of it; on which the General immediately addressed him: "Mr. Wesley, you must excuse me, I have met with a provocation too great for man to bear. You know the only wine I drink is Cyprus wine, as it agrees with me the best of any. I therefore provided myself with several dozens of it; and this villain, Grimaldi, (his foreign servant, who was present and almost dead with fear,) has drunk up the whole of it. But I will be revenged of him. I have ordered him to be tied hand and foot, and to be carried to the man-of-war which sails with us. The rascal should have taken care how he used me so for *I never forgive*."

"Then I hope, sir, (said Mr. Wesley, looking calmly at him,) *you never sin*." The General was quite confounded at the reproof; and putting his hand into his pocket, took out a bunch of keys, which he threw at Grimaldi, saying, "there, villain, take my keys, and behave better for the future."

WE LOVE A GOOD JOKE, whether it be told at the expense of Jonathan, John Bull, Sawney or Patrick. Here are a few attributed to the gentleman first named; and entitled to Jonathanisms:

As a proof of the hardiness of the times, there is a man in Ohio, who killed only half a pig at a time.

A house painter in New York, grained a door so exactly in imitation of oak, that last year it put forth a quantity of leaves, and grew an excellent crop of acorns.

A correspondent of a Picayune paper has such a cold in his head, that he can't wash his face without freezing the water.

There's an old fellow in Nashville, who snores so loud, that he is obliged to sleep at a house in the next street to avoid waking himself.

A man in New Orleans is so upright in all his dealings, that he wont sit down to eat his meals.

At a late railway explosion, the fireman was the only one who escaped; he was blown so far from the place that he was completely out of danger.

EPITAPH.—The following epitaph is found on a stone in the old burying-ground at Watertown, Mass:

"Here lies the precious dust of Thomas Bailey,

A faithful preacher,	A most desirable neighbor,
An eminent liver,	A pleasant companion,
A tender husband,	A common good,
A careful father,	A cheerful doer,
A teacher for adversity,	A patient sufferer,
A faithful friend,	Loved much in a little time

A good copy for all survivors.

☞ "Our life is but a *bubble*," said Mrs. Simpkins, in a spirit of resignation, to her spouse, who was rating her about her slovenly habits. "I wish *your* life was a *soap* bubble, then," was the rejoinder.

☞ Why is a person straightened for time, like a thief in the night.

Ans: Because he keeps an eye on *the watch*.

YES AND NO.—Some writer "hits the nail on the head," as follows: As there is a *no* which the man of gallantry perfectly understands to mean *yes*, so there is a *yes* which the man of delicacy perfectly understands to mean *no*. In the first instance, if you have any discernment, you will discover that while the lips refuse, the heart concedes; and you will, therefore, be little mortified by the refusal. In the last instance, you will discern that while the lips grant, the heart denies; and you will be as little flattered by the concession.

☞ Uncle Sam says there is a lady in Massachusetts, whose husband is so rough spoken, that when she wants to ignite a loco-foco match, she draws it across his tongue!

Louis XVI. was presented with an epitaph on Moliere by an indifferent poet. "I would rather," said his majesty, "that Moliere had brought me yours."

☞ If on any occasion your wife should exclaim to you, "Now tumble over the cradle and break your neck, do!"—don't you do it.

☞ Punch says, he once saw a father knock his boy down, and he thought it the most *striking* picture of *son down* he ever beheld.

☞ Rivalro said of Buffon's son, who was a very dolt, that he was the worst chapter of his father's Natural History.

☞ When a petulant individual politely observes to you, "You'd better eat me up, hadn't you?"—don't you do it.

☞ When a man in Mississippi is seized by the sheriff, he takes a fit of the ague and *shakes* him off.

☞ Why is wood on sale like a man hung? Ans. Because it goes off by the cord.

FROM THE COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE, FOR OCTOBER.

TO FLORA.

BY M. C. HILL.

As I sat one fair evening down by the lake side,
To enjoy the cool breeze from its silvery tide—
As I sat there and gazed on each beautiful scene—
On the opposite wood and the meadow so green—
Oh, 'twas beautiful! yet, as I sat there alone,
I thought, could I hear thy sweet musical tone,
And see thy mild eye as it glanced o'er the wave,
Oh, methought such a scene that an angel might crave.

'Twas a fairy-like scene, yet I could not but sigh—
My soul was alone, no kind glance met my eye,
'Twas a fairy-like scene, yet I could not but grieve,
For I heard not thy voice on that beautiful eve;
So I grieved and I sighed till I slept; then I thought
That I gazed on the worlds the Great Author had wrought,
'Till my eye was soon drawn to a beautiful star,
Which blushingly twinkled in glory afar.

As I gazed on that star in its heavenly light,
Methought it expanded more fair and more bright
Enraptured I gazed, and it changed as it grew—
First thy beautiful eyes were disclosed to my view;
Then thy "ruby red lip," then the whole of thy form,
Then my heart and my soul were all taken by storm!
I advanced to embrace—yea, I made a bold dash,
And—fell into the water all over *kersplash!*

Fun Alive.

A CRAWFISH STORY.

"Look out for your pockets."—*Constable's Cry.*

That ancient youth, Izaak Walton, never dreamed that fingers would be used as fish hooks. We are not sure that our story don't involve quite a new and interesting principle in the art of angling. Of that, gentle reader, you shall be the judge.

The flood has left the American bottom, opposite our city, swarming alive with crawfish. One of our jocose steamboat men, a merry, happy hearted, mischievous wag as ever lived, ripe for any sort of drollery, as ready at any moment for a kind or charitable action, happened over there the other day, and the fancy seized him to fill one of the large pockets of his coat with these fish out of water. Returning to the city, he at once commenced a series of practical jokes upon his acquaintances. He met a friend on Front street, by whose side he walked about three minutes, when the man suddenly commenced jumping, stamping and hallooing in the street, in a style that astonished the neighborhood for ten blocks round.

"What's the matter, what's the matter with him?" enquired the people, running to the spot with their eyes and mouth at full stretch.

"Oh-oh-oh, Lord, oh, Lord!" roared the sufferer, grasping his stomach, and making a frightful contortion of visage.

"My poor friend, what is the matter?" said the consummate rogue of a steamboat man, in most distressed accents.

"I don't know," gasped the innocent victim. "Oh-oh-oh, oh! something has seized me—here—*here*—oh-oh! I *don't* know!"

"He's got the *cholera*—never saw a plainer case in my life!" whispered a bystander, to the crowd, hurrying away immediately, with his thumb and forefinger tightly grasped upon his nostrils. Before night the rumor ran that the cholera had broken out suddenly, with dreadful violence, thirteen persons having dropped and died by convulsions on the landing; all supposed to be owing to the flood.

The man continuing in great distress, some of the crowd forced him into a store and pulled his waistband open, when a live crawfish kicking and snapping furiously, was turned out of the pockets!

Not ten minutes after this, our hero stood in a well known coffee-room, with another friend, whom he had invited to join him. The mixtures were prepared, and glasses "touched," when, for a single half instant, a dexterous and delicate manœuvre on the part of our crawfish friend caused the victim's eye to glance aside, and he was done. The glass nearly touched his lips, when his eyes opened in intense horror upon a most appalling, indescribable, limbo looking, black and frightful, submarine, *subterrene* monster, floundering and splashing, with intoxicated madness, in the *ardent!* The man gazed, as with the sight of twenty eyes, for ten seconds. He dropped the glass on the floor, turned pale as a winding sheet, rubbed his eyes, that seemed to grow misty, grasped his friends hand, and shook his head mournfully several times, and then suddenly darted like a shot out of the place. Last Sunday he signed the temperance pledge.

Tickled half to death with the mischief, though keeping a face on that seemed chiseled out of Missouri marble, the wag next sat down close another acquaintance, who was perusing a newspaper. Taking one by myself, and pretending to read, he soon contrived to slip a crawfish into his friend's vest pocket, just above his watch. Then, taking out his watch as if to set it, he said with inimitable innocence of manner:

"Jim, what time have you?"

Jim, without yet removing his eyes from the paper, deliberately thrust his fingers into his pocket for the watch, when, with one sudden bound, and an abrupt and tremendous oath, he sprang from his chair into the middle of the apartment.

Whack! with a furious snap of the fingers went the fish to the floor, the *impish* looking thing hopping and squirming about in the sand.

"How in the name of all human nature, did that fresh water devil, the abominable, overgrown black shrimp, get into my pocket?" exclaimed this victim, with one eye on the crawfish and the other squinting suspiciously at his pocket, as if doubtful whether there were not some more of the brood behind.

It was too much. Our hero "just naturally" dropped his marble mask, and broke into shrieks of laughter. Every body present, as well as the last astonished victim, now jumped at once at a conception of the joke, and noisy merriment became general. As soon as, through absolute exhaustion a slight pause took place, the *joker* observed mildly and with admirable gravity

"Well, gentlemen, *I crawfish!* What will you all take?"

So delighted was every body with the fun, that another experiment was unanimously insisted upon. Now, it did happen that in the neighborhood resided a well known and affectionately esteemed juvenile, who, from some interesting peculiarities and associations in travestie, was sometimes called by familiars, *Grandfather Whitehead*.

> "The gravity and stillness of his youth,
> The world hath noted."

Our boatman determined to make the grandfather *crawfish*, or break a shaft in the attempt. The doomed man was sent for. Under pretence of desiring some important communication, about a business affair, the expert messenger, as cool a wag as ever turned a "throttle valve," walked his victim about the streets for ten or fifteen minutes, until he got him apparently par accident, full and securely in among the conspirators, all looking so dolefully grave and serious, that Mr. Whitehead declares he was at once impressed with the conviction that somebody either had been or was just going to be sold. However, without speaking of this, the grandfather was drawn into easy and natural conversation, when in walking our hero of the *claws*, with one arm in a sling, and the other hand bandaged up bigger than a boxing glove.

"Why, Cub, what's the matter?" said Grandfather Whitehead, "has the gout struck up through your thumbs?"

"Oh, don't ask me," said Cub, in a half peevish, half good natured manner; "infernal erysipelas, my boy; can't even help myself to a chew of tobacco!"

"Let me give you a chew of mine, Cub."

"No, no! no, sir! I never chew but one kind. But, here, you venerable juvenile, you can put your hand in my pocket and give me a chew of my own, if you like. You'll find it down at the bottom there. Confound the erysipelas!"

The remorseless villian had fifty full grown, live and hungry, desperate and furious, jumping, thumping, fighting, biting, kicking, and snapping crawfish in the bottom of the vast receptacle of portables!

"Certainly, my dear boy," said the innocent *padre*, and down went his right hand into Cub's left-hand pocket.

It will not be disputed that the grandfather had the usual number of digits, nor can it be questioned that a quintriple number of crawfish instantaneously attached themselves thereto!

There was a frightful and most indescribable cry! Out flew the hand, with all its griping attaches, like an exploding grenade, and twenty-five live black things went flying in all directions around the room. Such an extraordinary caper as Mr. Whitehead cut, we are satisfied, was never equalled by Klischug, the contortionist, Gabriel Ravel, Hervio Nano, or Herr Kline. Then ensued a scene un-seen before outside of limbo. Every man was on his feet in an instant. No; *some*, we verily believe, stood on their heads! There rose a roar; another—again—louder—shriller—wilder—they jumped, they yelled, they rolled on the floor, they screamed, they bestowed their hats, "they sawed their legs off," they formed a ring, they danced a dance to astonish Yahoos or Mandans. The "head devil" jumped into the middle, with such a pigeon-wing as will never be seen again shouting

> Hi, oh the boatmen row,
> Crawfish catch old daddy so!
> Hi! hi! hi! *whoop*.

The "Tontine" man jumped on his counter and screamed to them, as they reverenced the neighborhood of the Gazette office and "Hat" not to go on so!

"Gentlemen," said Grandfather Whitehead, "allow me the pleasure of something with every body. *I crawfish!*"

Cautionary.—Look out for your own pockets! and keep your fingers out of other people's.—*St. Louis Reveillé.*

The Olio.

A SHORT AND COMPREHENSIVE CATECHISM.

BY OLIVER TEAL, ESQ., OF SYRACUSE.

Question.—What are the names of four of the prominent blessings to man?

Answer.—Fear, Pain, Sickness and Death.

Q.—How can Fear be a blessing?

A.—By forewarning us of all apprehensive dangers, thereby cautioning us not to violate God's laws.

Q.—In what way does Pain prove a blessing to man?

A.—By notifying him, in language not to be misunderstood, that we have broken or are breaking God's physical or organic laws, and that great damage awaits us unless we repair the breach, and return to our duty.

Q.—How is it possible that Sickness can be a blessing?

A.—When we have disregarded the cautions of Fear, and not having obeyed the commands of Pain, by ceasing to break, or by returning a proper obedience to the laws which we have already broken, Sickness, as a guardian, arrests us in our downward course, by taking away our appetites, and holding us in durance, in order that the recuperative energies of our system may recover from the injuries we have sustained by the violation of God's laws.

Q.—In what way is Death, the King of Terrors, our friend?

A.—Death is our friend by returning our spirits to God who gave them, when by any means our bodies have become so debilitated by disease, age, or otherwise, that they cease to be longer suitable for our use, comfort or convenience, and that a longer continuance in the body would be a curse to us, and a nuisance to mankind.

So that it may with truth be said, that Fear, Pain, Sickness and Death, are guardians which accompany man from his cradle to his grave, and that he could not part with the services of either without great loss and inconvenience; so that man has no reason to fear pain, sickness or death, but only fear to break those laws which render their services necessary.—*Western State Journal.*

WAR.

We should do well to translate this word war into language more intelligible to us. When we pay our army and navy estimates, let us set down—so much for killing—so much for maiming—so much for making widows and orphans—so much for bringing famine upon a district—so much for corrupting citizens and subjects into spies and traitors—so much for letting loose the demons of fury, rapine, and lust within the fold of civilized society. We shall know by this means what we have paid our money for: whether we have made a good bargain; and whether the account is likely to pass elsewhere. We must take in, too, all those concomitant circumstances which make war, considered as battle, the least part of itself—*pars minima sui*. We must fix our eyes, not on the hero, returning with conquest, nor yet on the gallant officer, dying in the bed of honor—the subject of picture and of song, but on the private soldier, forced into the service, exhausted by camp sickness and fatigue; pale, emaciated, crawling to a hospital, with the prospect of life—perhaps a long life—blasted, useless, and suffering. We must think of the uncounted tears of her who weeps alone, because the only being who shared her sentiments is taken from her;—no martial music sounds in unison with her feelings;—the long day passes, and he returns not. She does not shed her sorrows over his grave, for she has never learned whether he even had one. If he had returned, his exertions would not have been remembered individually, for he only made a small imperceptible part of a human machine called a regiment. These are not fancy pictures; if you please to heighten them, you can every one of you do it for yourselves.

A HINDOO GODDESS.

The Albany Journal thus describes a curious vegetable display at the great Agricultural Fair, at Poughkeepsie, New York:

"The next figure would have made a stoic or misanthrope split his sides with laughter. It was a perfect vegetable *man*, or perhaps I should say *woman*, for I believe it was called the 'Hindoo Goddess.' It was composed of vegetables, the *Face* only excepted. *The Head* was a huge Cabbage, large enough to furnish a small family with a winter's supply of Sourkrout. Then came the mask *Face*. The *ear-rings* were composed of fine strings of beets; the *Arms* were a compound substance being composed of about equal parts of onions, beets and carrots; around the *Neck* was strung a necklace of peppers; the *Body* was a huge pumpkin, so large and tempting in appearance that it seemed to say 'Come and eat me;' two fine muskmelons, served as *Thighs*, heads of cellery for the balance of the *Legs*, and crook-necked squashes made no mean imitation of a Chinese shoe! This unique and laughable statue was perched upon a pedestal composed of several cargoes of pumpkins and squashes. This curious looking production was the handiwork of the family of General Davis of this village. One could hardly blame the benighted Hindoo for worshipping such a Goddess, for the idol, unlike the great mass of its kind, could at least be eaten, and thus contribute, of its substance, to its bodily support! But this image must be seen to be fully appreciated."

INTERESTING TRAIT OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.—We extract the following paragraph, relating to Louis Philippe, from the *Voss Gazette*, a Swedish Journal:—"On the 24, Vice-Consul Bork celebrated the 82d anniversary of his birth-day. On the same day he received a letter from the King of the French, written with his own hand, accompanying a gold medal, bearing on one side the profile of his Majesty, and on the other the following inscription:—'Given by Louis Philippe to M. C. Bork, as a memorial of the hospitality received at Hammerfest, in August, 1795.' The letter, which was dated at Neuilly, June 6, is in these terms:—'It is always agreeable to me to find that the traveller Muller has not been forgotten in a country which he visited in simple guise, and unknown; and I always recall with pleasure this journey to my mind. Among my recollections I give the first place to the hospitality so frankly and cordially granted me, a stranger, throughout Norway, and particularly in Norland and Finmark; and at this moment, when a lapse of 49 years since I made this journey into Norway has left me but few of my old hosts remaining, it is gratifying to me to be able to express to all, in your person, what grateful feelings I still entertain.'"

A PARAGRAPH FOR THE LADIES.—We copy the following from a chapter on Walking, in the New York True Sun:

Would that some of our belles could be persuaded that a stage strut is not dignified, nor a pendulum oscillation below the waist graceful! A calm, effortless, firm, yet elastic walk, like a sweet voice, "is an excellent thing in a woman." And, we may here remark, that no female can walk well whose frame is enclosed in a vice of laces, jean and whalebone.

It is necessary, in order to step with freedom—and remember grace cannot exist with bodily restraint—that the muscles should have room to work, the body move naturally and in harmony with the motion of the limbs, and the organs of respiration have full play. This cannot be while a tightly drawn, inelastic ligature encircles the waist in its deadly fold. Give nature a chance, young ladies. She is a better guide than fashion, and a natural walk, believe us, is far more attractive than "the forced gait of a shuffling nag."

WILLIAM D. TICKNOR & CO.,
BOOKSELLERS AND PUBLISHERS,
CORNER OF WASHINGTON AND SCHOOL STREETS,
BOSTON,

HAVE FOR SALE, AT THE Lowest Prices, a great variety of works in every department of literature, American and Foreign. Their assortment comprises the best works on MEDICINE, SURGERY, and the collateral sciences. Also, all the most popular standard and CHEAP PUBLICATIONS, together with a large and valuable collection of SCHOOL AND JUVENILE BOOKS.

W. D. T. & Co. have lately selected in England a very superior lot of

OXFORD BIBLES AND TESTAMENTS, including every size printed at the famous University Press. Many of those just imported are richly Bound in Morocco and Velvet, with Clasps.

A supply of very superior STATIONARY may always be obtained by applying as above.

NOTICE. Physicians are invited to call at or send to the Store, corner of Washington and School Streets, and receive a Catalogue. The Medical Books are classified and arranged in a convenient part of the room, where they can be examined. Students attending the Lectures, will have a good opportunity to provide themselves with the latest and best Text-Books, by applying as above, at low prices. aug 3-tf

GRAHAM'S PERIODICAL ESTABLISHMENT is at No. 98 Chesnut street, where all the CHEAP PUBLICATIONS can be obtained. Orders addressed to ROBINSON & PETERSON, *No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia*, will meet with prompt attention.

STAMMERING CURED, AND ELOCUTION taught by Dr. A. COMSTOCK, No. 100 Mulberry street, Philadelphia.

☞ Dr. Comstock's System of Elocution is sold in the United States by booksellers generally; in London, by Wiley & Putnam. ap 27-1y*

DAVID EVANS' PATENTS.
FIRE AND THIEF PROOF CHESTS, AND SLATE LINED REFRIGERATORS, WATER FILTERS, &C.
EVANS & WATSON,
No. 76 South Third Street, opposite Philada. Exchange,

Manufacture a large assortment of David Evans' Patent Air-tight Fire and Thief Proof Chests, for preserving Books, Papers, Deeds, Mortgages, Silver Plate, Jewelry, Gold, Silver, &c. &c., made in all instances without wood or plank, as 95 out of 100 Fire Proof Chests (so called) now in use, and made for sale, are mere Plank Boxes, covered with thin sheet iron, with common locks, at once shows the utility of having an article that may be depended on.

A Letter from Dr. Thos. P. Jones, of Washington, editor of the Franklin Journal, concerning Air-tight Chests.

WASHINGTON, May 25, 1844.

David Evans—Sir: In answer to your inquiry, I have to say that if your Safes and Chests are air-tight, the air itself being one of the best non-conductors of heat, is superior to any filling you can use. The only advantage derived from Asbestos or other non-combustible materials, is to prevent the crushing in of the sides of the chest, when highly heated; but for protecting the interior, they are not equal to air. Yours, respectfully, THOS. P. JONES.

All our Chests are made of Boiler Iron, with iron frames riveted through and through so strongly, that the falling in of no building can possibly mash the sides in; and the space between being hollow and air-tight, gives them advantages over all Chests filled in between, as they will keep the contents inside in a perfect dry state when in use, as no dampness can strike through the air-tight chambers, and will last ten times as long and keep in good order. D. Evans' Patent Refrigerators, lined with Slate, being inspected and tried by judges, are pronounced the best and sweetest for Provisions, such as Butter, Meats, Milk, &c., now in use, of which a general assortment is always kept on hand, either with or without Water Filters attached.

Water and Provision Coolers, Seal and Copying Presses, also David Evans' celebrated Hoisting Machine. Together with plain and ornamental Iron Railing; Fire Proof Doors, [David Evans' Patent Locks thereto,] for Banks, Stores, &c.

N. B.—A liberal deduction will be made on any of the above articles purchased to be sold again. aug 31-1y

DR. SWAYNE, DEAR SIR:

I feel myself duty bound to give a certificate of the cure of one of the most aggravated cases of diseased Lungs, which has ever been placed upon record. It was that of Valentine Chapman, who was sent to this Institution under the care of a very respectable Physician who, after a long and faithful attendance, gave him off as beyond the reach of the healing art; having heard of the astonishing effects of your COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY in curing Coughs, Colds, Consumption, difficulty of breathing, pain and Soreness of the Breast, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, and all diseases of the Breast and Lungs, I concluded to get a bottle at my own expense which gave some relief; being encouraged from that circumstance, I followed it up until a perfect cure was performed, and the man returned to his daily labors.

ROBERT GLENN.
Steward of the Alms House near Frankford.

P. S. The Steward of the above Institution is a man of undoubted integrity, well known in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, and would be pleased to give any information in relation to the above case.

☞ Remember DR. SWAYNE'S office, N. W. corner of Eighth and Race streets, Philadelphia.

☞ Be cautious to ask for the original Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry, as all other preparations from this valuable tree are fictitious and counterfeit. Prepared only by Dr. SWAYNE, *whose Office has been removed to the N. W. corner of Eighth and Race streets, Philadelphia.*

Agents.—Samuel Swope, Frankford
John Rittenhouse, Germantown.
Marshall Philips, Wilmington, Del.
Moore & Longacre, Norristown.
Thomas W. Potts, do.
Henry H. B. Ogle, Manayunk.
Martin Lutz, Harrisburg.
J. F. Heinitsh & Son, Lancaster.
Samuel A. Smith, Doylestown.
E. & L. Brown, and John Marshall, West Chester, Pa. aug 31-3m

TO PARENTS AND OTHERS.
RAND'S INTRODUCTION TO PENMANSHIP.
NEW SERIES IN SIX PARTS.

THIS SYSTEM IS THE RESULT OF MORE than thirty years experience. It commences with the simplest principles, and by a gradual progress, terminates with a free, bold and expeditious business hand. By the use of these books, the learner will advance rapidly and surely without the aid of a teacher, as all necessary instructions are given on their covers.

The system has been adopted by the public, and most of the private schools of Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, &c., &c., and has proved eminently successful.

These books contain twice as much as the common ruled books, and are sold (wholesale) at the same price.

Published and for sale by B. H. Rand, 108 South Ninth street, where may be had also, Rand's Penmanship in eight parts, suited to every stage of the learner's progress both in plain and ornamental writing.

my 4-tf B. H. RAND

UMBRELLAS CHEAP.
REST FENNER & CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS, AND SUN SHADES,
No. 143 Market Street, Philadelphia,

Invite the attention of merchants, manufacturers, &c., &c., to their extensive, elegant, new stock, prepared with great care, and offered at the

LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES FOR CASH.

The principle on which this concern is established, is to consult the mutual interest of their customers and themselves, by manufacturing a good article, selling it at the Lowest Price for Cash, and realizing their own remuneration, in the amount of sales and quick returns.

Possessing inexhaustible facilities for manufacture, they are prepared to supply orders to any extent, and respectfully solicit the patronage of merchants, manufacturers and dealers. mar 16-1y

A Large Assortment of the New Style Curtain Parasols.

USE SCARPA'S ACOUSTIC OIL! THE ONLY CURE FOR DEAFNESS.

DEAFNESS CURED!!—SCARPA'S COMPOUND ACOUSTIC OIL, for the cure of Deafness, Pains, and the discharge of matter from the Ears. Also, all those disagreeable noises, like the buzzing of insects, falling of water, whizzing of steam, &c. &c., which are symptoms of approaching Deafness, and also generally attendant with the disease. Many persons who have been deaf for ten, fifteen, and twenty years, and were obliged to use ear trumpets, have, after using one or two bottles, thrown aside their trumpets, being made perfectly well. Physicians and surgeons highly recommend its use.

Read the following from the Philada. Public Ledger.

"*Have you ever tried it?*—If not, do not delay another day, but send immediately; if you have been one of the wise and prudent, and already bought a bottle, the question is settled; you have recovered your hearing. *Scarpa's Oil for Deafness* never fails. It is the only medicine that will cure. Thousands of deaf persons will give their testimony in its favor. The beauty of the thing is that it cures you without producing any pain."

The Editor of the Philadelphia Forum thus speaks of the medicine.

"*Valuable Article*.—Scarpa's Acoustic Oil is said by those who have had occasion to use it, to be an excellent medicine in cases of deafness arising from colds or other causes. We know a young lady who not long since was almost immediately relieved by it, and the certificate of Mr. Daniel Graeff is an unanswerable testimony of its efficacy."

And again from the Editor of the Morning Chronicle:

"*Important for the Deaf*.—We commend to the particular attention of those desirous of having their hearing restored, *Scarpa's Oil for Deafness*. We hear it highly spoken of by those who have used it, and of course know its value."

Here is something worth attending to, coming, as it does, from a man so extensively known as is Mr. Graeff, both in the city and country:

"I hereby certify, that from the effects of a severe cold last winter, I became partially deaf, attended with very disagreeable noises, like ringing of bells, &c., which gradually increased, until I completely lost the hearing of one ear—when I was induced to use Scarpa's Acoustic Oil, and am now happy to say, that with the use of one bottle of the above medicine, I can hear as well as ever, and all disagreeable noises have entirely disappeared. Any further information respecting my case, will be gladly given, by calling on me at 40½ North Fifth street, near Race.

Philada., Nov 11, 1843." DANIEL GRAEFF.

READ WHAT SCARPA'S ACOUSTIC OIL HAS DONE!!!—The greatest cure every yet performed by any medicine. It never fails!

From the Albany Daily Knickerbocker.
West Troy, June 3, 1844.

This is to certify that I, Willard Jenks, proprietor of the West Troy Exchange Hotel, having been afflicted with deafness in one ear for the last twenty years, and in the other for the last year, so that it was impossible for me to hear the loudest voice, and after trying various remedies without improving my hearing in the least, I was induced to try Scarpa's Compound Acoustic Oil for the cure of Deafness, and it is with great gratification I am enabled to state that it has perfectly restored my hearing, and I will be happy to see any person who wishes for information in relation to my case, at my place, in West Troy.

aug 1-6m*ly WILLARD JENKS.

A great number of certificates and other testimonials may be seen by calling at Dr. D. Jayne's, No. 20 South Third street, or D. H. Gumpert, No. 140 North Second street, Philadelphia, where the medicine is for sale, wholesale or retail. Also at A. B. & D. Sands, No. 79 Fulton street, New York, Carter & Wilson, corner of Portland and Hanover streets, Boston, Mass.; G. L. Duhurst, Baltimore, Md.; P. M. Cohen & Co. Charleston, S. C.; Sickles & Co., New Orleans, La.; B. F. Ells, Dayton, Ohio; J. W. Sheppard, Cincinnati, Ohio; E. & J. Adams, St. Louis, Mo.; A. Carter, Portland, Me.; W. F. Pierce, Albany, N. Y.; W. K. Kitchen, Augusta, Ga.; A. Jayne's, Pittsburg, Pa.; Tomlinson & Brothers, Indianapolis, Ind.; and in most of the principal cities in the United States.

JAYNE'S LIFE PRESERVATIVE.
AN ALTERATIVE and DEPURATIVE PREPARATION, combining all the medicinal virtues of those articles, which long experience has proved to possess the most safe and efficient alterative and Deobstruent properties, for the cure of SCROFULA, KING'S EVIL, WHITE SWELLINGS, ULCERS, Scrofulous, Cancerous and Indolent TUMORS, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, SCURVY, NEURALGIA, or Tic-Doloureaux, CANCER, GOITRE, or Bronchocele, (Swelled Neck,) ENLARGEMENTS of the Bones, Joints or Ligaments, or of the Ovaries, Liver, Spleen, Kidneys, &c., &c. All the various DISEASES of the SKIN, such as Tetter, Ringworm, Biles, Pimples, Carbuncles, &c., &c. Dropsical Swellings, Constitutional Disorders, and Diseases originating from a depraved or IMPURE state of the BLOOD or other fluids of the body.

The proprietor of the Life Preservative would most respectfully assure the public that he has not offered this preparation to their notice, without due reflection and close and rigid study, nor until after twelve years' experience had manifested its great superiority over every other article of the kind,—and he now recommends it with confidence, fully believing that the above combination of medicine, will effectually eradicate from the system a class of diseases, some of which have heretofore been considered incurable.

He has prescribed it in almost every variety of disease and with unparalleled success, especially in Cutaneous affections, Cancerous, Scrofulous and Scorbutic diseases, and diseases originating from obstruction or enlargement of the Glands or impurity of the Blood.

CANCER and CANCEROUS TUMORS.—He has used this preparation in twenty-one well defined cases of Cancer and Cancerous Tumors, and in every case but one with perfect and entire success.

BRONCHOCELE or GOITRE, (Swelled Neck.)—He has prescribed the Life Preservative in upwards of sixty cases of Goitre and it never failed in a single instance to completely remove the disease. Not a solitary case of failure. ALL WERE CURED.

The success he has met with in curing Bronchocele and Cancerous affections has convinced him, that those dangerous and horrible diseases may be removed with as much certainty as Fever and Ague. He does not wish to be understood as saying that they can be cured as soon as Fever and Ague, but with as much certainty, and further, that he has good reason for believing that this preparation will not only cure those diseases when formed, but that it destroys the virus or poisonous principle lurking in the system from which that peculiar class of diseases as well also as that of Scrofula emanate.

SCROFULA—KING'S EVIL.—The Life Preservative has been used in numerous cases of Scrofula, King's Evil and Scrofulous Swellings, with the most decided success.

SKIN DISEASES.—He has prescribed it in a great variety of Cutaneous affections and found it successful in curing Salt-Rheum, or Tetter, Biles, Blotches, Pimples, Morphew, and Jaundiced Skin, &c.

DYSPEPSIA AND LIVER COMPLAINT.—It has been used in numerous cases of Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia, and with the happiest effect.

TIC DOLOUREAUX.—It has been used in only three cases of Neuralgia or Tic-Doloureaux, but was successful in every case.

GOUT.—Three cases of Gout have been cured by this preparation. In one of these cases the man had been affected with it so severely for thirteen years as to entirely disable him from business, and for five months immediately previous to his taking the Life Preservative had been confined to his room, but before he had finished the third bottle, he was enabled to walk about the streets, and soon after returned to business, from which he had been so long deprived by his afflictions.

DROPSICAL SWELLINGS.—This medicine increases the powers of digestion, excites the absorbents into healthy exercise, by which watery or Calcareous depositions, and all unnatural enlargements are reduced. It imparts tone and vitality to the whole system, removing sick and morbid headaches, giddiness, wandering pains and nervous affections.

In fact in every case where the medicine has been taken for some time, no matter for what purpose, the general health of the patient has always been improved by it.

Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street, Philadelphia. Price $1—where also may be had all of Dr. Jayne's valuable Family Medicines.

NO EXCUSE FOR A BALD HEAD.

SINCE the important discovery of Dr. JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC, every one may, if they choose, preserve their hair from falling off, or if already bald may with certainty have their hair restored again by a faithful and persevering application of this valuable HAIR TONIC.

Please to read without prejudice the following communications, which in addition to hundreds of others equally respectable should remove the doubts of every reasonable person of the uniform and singular efficacy of JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC.

HAMILTON, Feb. 15, 1840.

Dr. D. Jayne—Dear Sir:—I had not finished the first bottle of your Hair Tonic, before a decided change was manifest over the bald part of the head to which it was applied. A new growth of fine glossy hair, much like that of an infant's appeared, and has continued to increase so that I have had it cut two or three times.

I began the use of the Tonic with little or no faith that it would ever be successful on my head; and I was as much surprised as delighted when I saw the effect. You recollect the appearance of my head when in your office. I assure you the hair has been nearly, if not quite, as thick at the times I have had it cut, on those parts which were nearly destitute of any when you saw me. It was however, very fine, though quite thick.

Respectfully yours, &c.
GEORGE W. EATON.
Professor in Hamilton and Literary Theological Seminary, Madison county, N. Y.

We publish the following letter from a sense of duty to the public. It is just such a letter as we should have expected from such a source. We know Dr. Quigly personally, and there is no man in the country, whose opinion is entitled to more respect. He is on all subjects honest and sincere, and his high character as a Physician can be attested by the first medical men in this city.—*Philada. Sun.*

Shepherd's Town, Va. Oct. 10, 1843.

Dear Sir,—You inquire of me whether I have used your Hair Tonic, and the effects. Several years ago my hair began to fall rapidly from the scalp, and I had the prospect of premature baldness. During several years I used various preparations recommended for the hair, from which I derived no benefit. At length a friend recommended your Hair Tonic. I used three or four bottles according to the printed directions, and at the end of six months, my hair was thick set, and since its tendency to turn grey was arrested.

I have never before given a certificate, recommending patent medicines, which indiscriminately used, as they often are, do much injury, but in a case like the present, where I know the article to be beneficial, and that it can do no harm. I have no scruples in stating facts within my own knowledge.

Yours, &c. JOHN QUIGLY, M. D.
Dr. D. JAYNE, Philadelphia.

Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street, Philadelphia, where also may be had Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge, Carminative Balsam, Sanative Pills, and Life Preservative. june 17-1y

READ WITH ASTONISHMENT!
THE WONDERFUL EFFICACY OF
JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT & VERMIFUGE.

THE following testimony, says the Pittsburg Daily Sun, has been voluntarily offered to the agent of Dr. JAYNE, at the Franklin Head Printing Office, Third street, of the valuable effects of the use of his Vermifuge and Expectorant, by JOHN KNOX, a well known and highly respectable Book and Job Printer, of this city. The facts he states can be generally testified to by several respectable physicians, besides various inhabitants of the city, conversant with Mr. Knox's family.

PITTSBURG, Oct. 20, 1843.

MR. A. JAYNES:

Sir—Justice to Doctor D. Jayne's Medicines compels me to make you the following statement, respecting a child of mine who suffered very much from an affection of the lungs or chest.

In the fall of 1839, my daughter, six years old, took sick with a violent cold, which grew worse every day, until she could scarcely breathe. We called in a very eminent and a very attentive physician, who immediately took her in his hands, and said that she would not have lived one day more without aid. She continued very ill for three or four weeks, the physician doing every thing that he could for her—but all to no purpose. The seat of her disease could not be reached—her breathing was very short; it was but a gasping for breath—her right side began to swell up very much. The Doctor thought that water was accumulated in her chest; he consulted with the best physicians in the city—one of them was of the opinion that it was matter instead of water. Every thing was done that could be done to remove the water, but all without effect—blistering, cupping, leeching, &c., until our patients and the patience of the Doctor himself was completely exhausted. At length the Doctor concluded that an operation was necessary to give her ease, but he did not promise that he would cure her. He consulted with several of the best physicians in the city, and they came to the same conclusion, that nothing but an operation would do her any good. We (her parents) gave consent, and in the latter part of January, 1840, the operation was performed. The child, being nothing but skin and bone, stood the operation very well, considering her great weakness. About three pints of matter were taken from her side, between the sixth and seventh ribs, without much relief to her. The matter was at first healthy, but afterwards became offensive, bursting out in the night and running all over her clothes and bed—the smell being so bad that we have had to open the house in the middle of the night, in order to be able to dress her.

All this time she was burning with fever, and coughing all the time. She had a voracious appetite, indeed, and all she ate passed from her just as she ate it, without being the least touched by her stomach. This state of affairs continued for three or four months, the Doctor still attending her, and doing his best to make her EXPECTORATE, but always without success. He gave her twenty-three mercurial powders in succession to salivate her, but they never touched her—she remained the same, as the Doctor said, "neither better nor worse." He finally told me he could do nothing for her; he said that she must die. These are his words: "your child must die; she can't live; she smells like a corpse and looks like a corpse." He left her and we resorted to Sarsaparilla Syrup, thinking that she might obtain relief from it. We used one bottle, a quart, but without any success, and in about a week after the Dr. left her he called again, for he was very anxious about her, and we must say for him that there never was a more attentive physician; he expressed his surprise to find her pretty much as he had left her. He said something must be done for her. I would here mention that we had to dress her side from six to ten times per day—and she inclined to lie on her right side so much that she became crooked—her back bone was quite bent, and her breast and side had sunk very much, so that we had no hopes of her ever being straight if she should get well otherwise.

The Doctor now proposed to fumigate her with mercury, in order, he said, to alleviate her if possible. I procured the stuff, and on my way I passed your Printing office, and mentioned the circumstance of the child's sufferings to you. You recommended, if you recollect, Dr. Jayne's EXPECTORANT and VERMIFUGE. The Vermifuge first, to give tone to her stomach, and the Expectorant to make her expectorate—just what she wanted. She often said, "If I could spit I would feel better." Well, we did not like to have her sit over hot mercury for two hours a day for twelve days, and I immediately abandoned the idea and took your advice, got a bottle of Vermifuge and one of Expectorant, and commenced using them. I gave her a tea-spoon full of Vermifuge first, and then fifteen drops of Expectorant the first day. The next day I gave her a tea-spoon full of Expectorant, and it made her vomit, which did her great good; for it seemed to break the fever, and the sweat began to show itself on her brow; and in one week there was a great change on her for the better. We began to feel as though we should not lose her yet. The matter from her side became less offensive every day, and grew thick and yellow, whereas it was black and thin like dirty water before we gave her your medicines. She also expectorated very freely, and the same kind of stuff that came from her side before, now came from her mouth every time she would cough, in great quantities. I continued to give her fifteen drops a day until she got entirely well, which was in the winter of 1841-'2; and the reason why I have not made this known before, is this: I wished to see whether or not a permanent cure had been effected; and this I think can safely be said, by all who know the child, as she is now running about and going to school, as well as ever she was. Her back having resumed its natural shape, her breast and side filled up, and she is stout and hearty—all the effects of Dr. Jayne's valuable medicines.

I believe if I had known of your medicines in the first place, the child's sufferings would have been of short duration, as it would seem that all she wanted was something to make her EXPECTORATE.

You may do what you think proper with this statement, as I am willing to be qualified to all that it contains.

Yours, with respect, june 17-1y
JOHN KNOX, PRINTER, Pittsburg.

The above valuable medicines are prepared only by Dr D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street, Philadelphia.